













# *The Collegians*

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# THE COLLEGIANS.)

## CHAPTER I.

HOW GARRYOWEN ROSE, AND HOW IT FELL.

**T**HE little ruined outlet, which gives its name to one of the most popular national songs of Erin, is situate on the acclivity of a hill near the city of Limerick, commanding a not uninteresting view of that fine old town, with the noble stream that washes its battered towers, and a richly cultivated surrounding country. Tradition has preserved the occasion of its celebrity, and the origin of its name, which appears to be compounded of two Irish words signifying

“Owen’s garden.”—A person so called was the owner, about half a century since, of a cottage and plot of ground on this spot, which from its contiguity to the town, became a favourite holiday resort with the young citizens of both sexes—a lounge presenting accommodations somewhat similar to those which are offered to the London mechanic by the Battersea tea-gardens. Owen’s garden was the general rendezvous for those who sought for simple amusement or for dissipation. The old people drank together under the shade of trees—the young played at ball, goal, or other athletic exercises on the green; while a few lingering by the hedge-rows with their fair acquaintances, cheated the time with sounds less boisterous, indeed, but yet possessing their fascination also.

The festivities of our fathers, however, were frequently distinguished by so fierce a character of mirth, that, for any difference in the result of their convivial meetings, they might as well have

been pitched encounters. Owen's garden was soon as famous for scenes of strife, as it was for mirth and humour; and broken heads became a staple article of manufacture in the neighbourhood.

This new feature in the diversions of the place, was encouraged by a number of young persons of a rank somewhat superior to that of the usual frequenters of the garden. They were the sons of the more respectable citizens, the merchants and wholesale traders of the city, just turned loose from school with a greater supply of animal spirits than they had wisdom to govern. Those young gentlemen being fond of wit, amused themselves by forming parties at night, to wring the heads off all the geese, and the knockers off all the hall doors in the neighbourhood. They sometimes suffered their genius to soar as high as the breaking a lamp, and even the demolition of a watchman; but, perhaps, this species of joking was found a little too serious to be repeated over

frequently, for few achievements of so daring a violence are found amongst their records. They were obliged to content themselves with the less ambitious distinction of destroying the knockers and store-locks, annoying the peaceable inmates of the neighbouring houses, with long continued assaults on the front doors, terrifying the quiet passengers with every species of insult and provocation, and indulging their fratricidal propensities against all the geese in Garryowen.

The fame of the "Garryowen boys" soon spread far and wide. Their deeds were celebrated by some inglorious minstrel of the day in that air which has since resounded over every quarter of the world; and even disputed the palm of national popularity with "Patrick's day." A string of jolly verses were appended to the tune which soon enjoyed a notoriety similar to that of the famous "Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la" which sung King James out of his three kingdoms. The name of Garryowen was as well known as

that of the Irish Numantium, Limerick, itself, and Owen's little garden became almost a synonyme for Ireland.

But that principle of existence which assigns to the life of man its periods of youth, maturity, and decay, has its analogy in the fate of villages, as in that of empires. Assyria fell, and so did Garryowen! Rome had its decline, and Garryowen was not immortal. Both are now an idle sound, with nothing but the recollections of old tradition to invest them with an interest. The still notorious suburb is little better than a heap of rubbish, where a number of smoked and mouldering walls, standing out from the masses of stone and mortar, indicate the position of a once populous row of dwelling houses. A few roofs yet remain unshaken, under which some impoverished families endeavour to work out a wretched subsistence by maintaining a species of huxter trade, by cobbling old shoes, and manufacturing ropes. A small rookery wearies



the ears of the inhabitants at one end of the outlet, and a rope-walk which extends along the adjacent slope of Gallows-green, (so called for certain reasons) brings to the mind of the conscious spectator, associations that are not calculated to enliven the prospect. Neither is he thrown into a more jocular frame of mind as he picks his steps over the insulated paving stones that appear amid the green slough with which the street is deluged, and encounters at the other end, an alley of coffin-makers' shops, with a fever hospital on one side, and a church-yard on the other. A person who was bent on a journey to the other world, could not desire a more expeditious outfit than Garryowen could now afford him : nor a more commodious choice of conveyances, from the machine on the slope above glanced at, to the pest-house at the farther end.

But it is ill talking lightly on a serious subject. The days of Garryowen are gone, like

those of ancient Erin ; and the feats of her once formidable heroes are nothing more than a winter's evening tale. Owen is in his grave, and his garden looks dreary as a ruined church-yard. The greater number of his merry customers have followed him to a narrower play-ground, which, though not less crowded, affords less room for fun, and less opportunity for contention. The worm is here the reveller, the owl whoops out his defiance without an answer, (save the echo's,) the best whiskey in Munster would not now "drive the cold out of their hearts;" and the withered old sexton is able to knock the bravest of them over the pate with impunity. A few perhaps may still remain to look back with a fond shame to the scene of their early follies, and to smile at the page in which those follies are recorded.

Still, however, there is something to keep the memory alive of those unruly days, and to preserve the name of Garryowen from utter

extinction. The annual fair which is held on the spot presents a spectacle of gaiety and uproar which might rival its most boisterous days ; and strangers still enquire for the place with a curiosity which its appearance seldom fails to disappoint. Our national lyrist has immortalized the air by adapting to it one of the liveliest of his melodies ;—the adventures, of which it was once the scene, constitute a fund of standing joke and anecdote which are not neglected by the neighbouring story-tellers ;—and a rough voice may still occasionally be heard by the traveller who passes near its ruined dwellings at evening, to chaunt a stanza of the chorus which was once in the mouth of every individual in the kingdom :—

“ 'Tis there we'll drink the nut-brown ale  
An pay the reck'niu' on the nail  
No man for debt shall go to jail  
From Garryowen a gloria.”

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW EILY O'CONNOR PUZZLED ALL THE INHABITANTS OF GARRYOWEN.

BUT while Owen lived, and while his garden flourished, he and his neighbours were as merry together, as if death could never reach the one, nor desolation waste the other. Among those frequenters of his little retreat whom he distinguished with an especial favour and attention, the foremost was the handsome daughter of an old man who conducted the business of a rope-walk in his neighbourhood, and who was accustomed on a fine Saturday evening to sit

under the shade of a yellow osier that stood by his door, and discourse of the politics of the day—of Lord Halifax's administration—of the promising young patriot Mr. Henry Grattan—and of the famous Catholic concession of 1773. Owen, like all Irishmen, even of the humblest rank, was an acute critic in female proportions, and although time had blown away the thatching from his head, and by far the greater portion of blood that remained in his frame had colonized about his nose, yet the manner in which he held forth on the praises of his old friend's daughter was such as put to shame her younger and less eloquent admirers. It is true, indeed, that the origin of the suburban beauty was one which, in a troubled country like Ireland, had little of agreeable association to recommend it; but few even of those to whom twisted hemp was an object of secret terror, could look on the exquisitely beautiful face of Eily O'Connor, and remember that she was a rope-maker's daughter; few could detect beneath

the timid, hesitating, downcast gentleness of manner, which shed an interest over all her motions, the traces of a harsh and vulgar education. It was true that she sometimes purloined a final letter from the King's adjectives, and prolonged the utterance of a vowel beyond the term of prosodaical orthodoxy, but the tongue that did so seemed to move on silver wires, and the lip on which the sound delayed

“long murmuring, loth to part”

imparted to its own accents an association of sweetness and grace, that made the defect an additional allurements. Her education in the outskirts of a city had not impaired the natural tenderness of her character; for her father, who all rude as he was, knew how to value his daughter's softness of mind, endeavoured to foster it by every indulgence in his power. Her uncle, too, who was now a country parish priest, was well qualified to draw forth any natural talent

with which she had been originally endowed. He had completed his theological education in the famous university of Salamanca, where he was distinguished as a youth of much quietness of temper and literary application, rather than as one of those furious gesticulators, those "*figures Iibernoises*," amongst whom Gil Blas, in his fit of logical lunacy, could meet his only equals. At his little lodging, while he was yet a curate at St. John's, Eily O'Connor was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of her time, and in return for her kindness in presiding at his simple tea-table, father Edward undertook to bestow a degree of attention on her education, which rendered her, in a little time, as superior in knowledge, as she was in beauty, to her female associates. She was remarked likewise at this time, as a little devotee, very regular in her attendance at chapel, constant in all the observances of her religion, and grave in her attire and discourse. On the coldest and

dreariest morning in winter, she might be seen gliding along by the unopened shop-windows to the nearest chapel, where she was accustomed to hear an early mass, and return in time to set every thing in order for her father's breakfast. During the day she superintended his household affairs, while he was employed upon the adjacent rope-walk; and, in the evening, she usually slipped on her bonnet, and went across the street to father Edward's, where she chatted away until tea was over; if he happened to be engaged in reading his daily office, she amused herself with a volume of moral entertainment, such as *Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia*, or *Mr. Addison's Spectator*, until he was at leisure to hear her lessons. An attachment of the purest and tenderest nature was the consequence of those mutual attentions between the uncle and niece, and it might be said that if the former loved her not as well, he knew and valued her character still better than her father.



Father Edward however was appointed to a parish, and Eily lost her instructor. It was for her a severe loss, and most severe in reality when its effect upon her own spirits began to wear away. For some months after his departure, she continued to lead the same retired and unobtrusive life, and no eye, save that of a consummate observer, could detect the slightest alteration in her sentiments, the least increase of toleration for the world and worldly amusements. That change however had been silently effected in her heart. She was now a woman—a lovely, intelligent, full grown woman—and circumstances obliged her to take a part in the little social circle which moved around her. Her spirits were naturally light, and, though long repressed, became readily assimilated to the buoyant tone of the society in which she happened to be placed. Her father, who, with a father's venial vanity, was fond of showing his beautiful child among his neighbours, took her with him one evening to Owen's garden, at a

time when it was unusually gay and crowded, and from that evening might be dated the commencement of a decided and visible change in the lovely Eily's character.

As gradual as the approach of a spring morning, was the change from grave to gay in the costume of this flower of the suburbs. It dawned at first in a handsome bow-knot upon her head-dress, and ended in the full noontide splendor of flowered muslins, silks, and sashes. It was like the opening of the rose-bud, which gathers around it the winged wooers of the summer meadow. "Lads, as brisk as bees," came thronging in her train, with proffers of "honourable love and rites of marriage;" and even among the youths of a higher rank, whom the wild levity of Irish blood and high spirits, sent to mingle in the festivities of Owen's garden, a jealousy prevailed respecting the favour of the handsome rope-maker's daughter. It was no wonder that attentions paid by individuals so much superior to her ordinary admirers,

should render Eily indifferent to the sighs of those plebeïan suitors. Dunat O'Leary, the hair-cutter, or Foxy Dunat, as he was named in allusion to his red head, was cut to the heart by her utter coldness. Myles Murphy, likewise, a good natured farmer from Killarney, who travelled through the country selling Kerry ponies, and claiming relationship with every one he met, claimed kindred in vain with Eily, for his claim was not allowed. Lowry Looby too, the servant of Mr. Daly, a wealthy middleman who lived in the neighbourhood, was suspected by many to entertain delusive hopes of Eily O'Connor's favour—but this report was improbable enough, for Lowry could not but know that he was a very ugly man; and if he were as beautiful as Narcissus, Mihil O'Connor would still have shut the door in his face for being as poor as Timon. So that though there was no lack of admirers, the lovely Eily, like many celebrated beauties in a higher rank, ran, after all, a fair chance of

becoming what Lady Mary Montague has elegantly termed “a lay nun.” Even so a book-worm, who will pore over a single volume from morning till night, if turned loose into a library, wanders from shelf to shelf, bewildered amid a host of temptations, and unable to make any election until he is surprised by twilight, and chagrined to find, that with so much happiness within his grasp, he has spent, nevertheless, an unprofitable day.

But accident saved Eily from a destiny so deeply dreaded and so often lamented as that above alluded to,—a condition which, people generally agree to look upon as one of utter desolation, and which, notwithstanding, is frequently a state of greater happiness than its opposite. On the eve of the seventeenth of March, a day distinguished in the rope-maker’s household, not only as the festival of the national Saint, but as the birth-day of the young mistress of the establishment; on this evening, Eily and her

father were enjoying their customary relaxation at Owen's garden. The jolly proprietor was seated as usual, with his rope-twisting friend, under the yellow osier, while Myles Murphy, who had brought a number of his wild ponies to be disposed of at the neighbouring fairs, had taken his place at the end of the table, and was endeavouring to insinuate a distant relationship between the Owens of Kiltteery, connections of the person whom he addressed, and the Murphys of Knockfodhira, connections of his own. A party of young men were playing fives at a ball alley, on the other side of the green; and another, more numerous, and graced with many female figures, were capering away to the tune of the fox-hunter's jig, on the short grass. Some poor old women, with baskets on their arms, were endeavouring to sell off some *Patrick's crosses* for children, at the low rate of one halfpenny a piece, gilding, paint, and all. Others, fatigued with exertion, were walking under the still leafless

trees, some with their hats, some with their coats off, jesting, laughing, and chatting familiarly with their female acquaintances.

Mihil O'Connor, happening to see Lowry Looby among the promenaders, glancing now and then at the dance, and whistling Patrick's day, requested him to call his daughter out of the group, and tell her that he was waiting for her to go home. Lowry went, and returned to say, that Eily was dancing with a strange young gentleman in a boating dress, and that he would not let her go until she had finished the slip jig.

It continued a sufficient time to tire the old man's patience. When Eily did at last make her appearance, he observed there was a flush of mingled weariness and pleasure on her cheek, which showed that the delay was not quite in opposition to her own inclinations. This circumstance might have tempted him to receive her with a little displeasure, but that honest Owen at that moment laid hold on both

father and daughter, insisting that they should come in and take supper with his wife and himself.

This narrative of Eily's girlhood being merely introductory, we shall forbear to furnish any detail of the minor incidents of the evening, or the quality of Mrs. Owen's entertainment. They were very merry and happy; so much so, that the Patrick's eve approached its termination, before they arose to bid their host and hostess a good night. Owen advised them to walk on rapidly in order to avoid the "Patrick's boys" who would promenade the streets after twelve, to welcome in the mighty festival with music and uproar of all kinds. Some of the lads he said, "might be playen' their thricks upon Miss Eily."

The night was rather dark, and the dim glimmer of the oil-lamps which were suspended at long intervals over the street doors tended only in a very feeble degree to qualify

the gloom. Mihil O'Connor and his daughter had already performed more than half their journey, and were turning from a narrow lane at the head of Mungret-street, when a loud and tumultuous sound broke with sudden violence upon their hearing. It proceeded from a multitude of people who were moving in confused and noisy procession along the street. An ancient and still honoured custom summons the youthful inhabitants of the city on the night of this anniversary to celebrate the approaching holiday of the patron Saint and apostle of the island, by promenading all the streets in succession, playing national airs, and filling up the pauses in the music with shouts of exultation. Such was the procession which the two companions now beheld approaching.

The appearance which it presented was not altogether destitute of interest and amusement. In the midst were a band of musi-



cians who played alternately "Patrick's day," and "Garryowen," while a rabble of men and boys pressed round them, thronging the whole breadth and a considerable portion of the length of the street. The men had got sprigs of shamrock in their hats, and several carried in their hands lighted candles protected from the wasting night-blast by a simple lamp of whited brown paper. The fickle and unequal light which those small torches threw over the faces of the individuals who held them, afforded a lively contrast to the prevailing darkness.

The crowd hurried forward singing, playing, shouting, laughing, and indulging, to its full extent, all the excitement which was occasioned by the tumult and the motion. Bedroom windows were thrown up as they passed, and the half dressed inmates thrust their heads into the night air to gaze upon the mob of enthusiasts. All the respectable persons who appeared in the street as they advanced,

turned short into the neighbouring by-ways to avoid the importunities which they would be likely to incur by a contact with the multitude.

But it was too late for our party to adopt this precaution. Before it had entered their minds, the procession (if we may dignify it by a name so sounding) was nearer to them than they were to any turn in the street, and the appearance of flight with a rabble of men, as with dogs, is a provocation of pursuit. Of this they were aware—and accordingly instead of attempting a vain retreat, they turned into a recess formed by one of the shop doors, and quietly awaited the passing away of this noisy torrent. For some moments they were unnoticed; the fellows who moved foremost being too busy in talking, laughing, and shouting, to pay any attention to objects, not directly in their way. But they were no sooner espied than the wags assailed them with that species

of wit, which distinguishes the inhabitants of the back lanes of a city, and forms the terror of all country visitors. These expressions were lavished upon the rope-maker and his daughter, until the former, who was as irritable an old fellow as Irishmen generally are, was almost put out of patience.

At length, a young man observing the lamp shine for a moment on Eily's handsome face, made a chirp with his lips as he passed by, as if he had a mind to kiss her. Not Papirius himself, when vindicating his senatorial dignity against the insulting Gaul, could be more prompt in action than Mihil O'Connor. The young gentleman received in return for his affectionate greeting a blow over the temple which was worth five hundred kisses. An uproar immediately commenced, which was likely to end in some serious injury to the old man and his daughter. A number of ferocious faces gathered round them uttering

sounds of harsh rancour and defiance ; which Mihl met with equal loudness and energy. Indeed all that seemed to delay his fate and hinder him from sharing in the prostration of his victim was the conduct of Eily, who flinging herself in bare armed beauty before her father defended him for a time against the up-raised weapons of his assailants. No one would incur the danger of harming, by an accidental blow, a creature so young, so beautiful, and so affectionate.

They were at length rescued from this precarious condition by the interposition of two young men in the dress of boatmen who appeared to possess some influence with the crowd, and who used it for the advantage of the sufferers. Not satisfied with having brought them safely out of all immediate danger, the taller of the two conducted them to their door, saying little on the way and taking his leave as soon as they were once in perfect safety. All that Mi-

hil could learn from his appearance was, that he was a gentleman, and very young—perhaps not more than nineteen years of age. The old man talked much and loudly in praise<sup>\*</sup> of his gallantry, but Eily was altogether silent on the subject.

A few days after, Mihil O'Connor was at work upon the ropewalk, going slowly backward in the sunshine, with a bundle of hemp between his knees, and singing "*Maureen Thierna*."\* A hunch-backed little fellow in a boatman's dress, came up, and saluting him in a sharp city brogue, reminded the old rope-maker that he had done him a service a few evenings before. Mihil professed his acknowledgements, and with true Irish warmth of heart, assured the little boatman that all he had in the world was at his service. The hunch-back however only wanted a few ropes and blocks for

\* Little Mary Tierney.

his boat and even for those he was resolute in paying honourably. Neither did he seem anxious to satisfy the curiosity of old Mihil with respect to the name and quality of his companion; for he was inexorable in maintaining that he was a turf boatman from Scagh who had come up to town with him to dispose of a cargo of fuel at Charlotte's Quay. Mihil O'Connor referred him to his daughter for the ropes, about which he said she could bargain as well as himself, and he was unable to leave his work until the rope he had in hand should be finished. The little, deformed, no way displeased at this intelligence, went to find Eily at the shop, where he spent a longer time than Mihil thought necessary for his purpose.

From this time forward the character of Eily O'Connor seemed to have undergone a second change. Her former gravity returned, but it did not re-appear under the same circumstances as

before. In her days of religious retirement, it appeared only in her dress, and in her choice of amusements. Now, both her recreations and her attire were much gayer than ever, so much so as almost to approach a degree of dissipation, but her cheerfulness of mind was gone, and the sadness which had settled on her heart, like a black reef under sunny waters, was plainly visible through all her gaiety. Her father was too much occupied in his eternal rope-twisting to take particular notice of this change, and, besides, it is notorious that one's constant companions are the last to observe any alteration in one's manner or appearance.

One morning, when Mihil O'Connor left his room, he was surprized to find that the breakfast table was not laid as usual, and that his daughter was not in the house. She made her appearance, however, while he was himself making the necessary arrangements. They exchanged a greeting somewhat colder on the

one side, and more embarrassed on the other, than was usual at the morning meetings of the father and daughter. But when she told him, that she had been only to the chapel, the old man was perfectly satisfied, for he knew that Eily would as readily think of telling a falsehood to the priest, as she would to her father. And when Mihil O'Connor heard that people were at the chapel, he generally concluded (poor old man!) that it was only to pray they went there.

In the meantime Myles Murphy renewed his proposals to Eily, and succeeded in gaining over the father to his interests. The latter was annoyed at his daughter's obstinate rejection of a fine fellow like Myles, with a very comfortable property, and pressed her either to give consent to the match or a good reason for her refusal. But this request, though reasonable, was not complied with: and the rope-maker, though not so hot as Capulet, was as much



displeased at the contumacy of his daughter. Eily, on her part, was so much afflicted at the anger of her only parent, that it is probable her grief would have made away with her if she had not prevented that catastrophe by making away with herself.

On the fair day of Garryowen, after sustaining a long and distressing altercation with her father and her mountain suitor, Eily O'Connor threw her blue cloak over her shoulders and walked into the air. She did not return to dinner, and her father felt angry at what he thought a token of resentful feeling. Night came, and she did not make her appearance. The poor old man in an agony of terror reproached himself for his vehemence, and spent the whole night in recalling with a feeling of remorse every intemperate word which he had used in the violence of dispute. In the morning, more like a ghost than a living being, he went from the house of one acquaint-

tance to another to enquire after his child. No one however had seen her, except Foxy Dunat, the haircutter, and he had only caught a glimpse of her as she passed his door on the previous evening. It was evident that she was not to return. Her father was distracted. Her young admirers feared that she had got privately married, and run away with some shabby fellow. Her female friends insinuated that the case might be still worse, and some pious old people shook their heads when the report reached them, and said they knew what was likely to come of it, when Eily O'Connor left off attending her daily mass in the morning, and went to the dance at Garryowen.

## CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. DALY THE MIDDLEMAN SAT DOWN  
TO BREAKFAST.

THE Dalys (a very respectable family in middle life) occupied, at the time of which we write, a handsome cottage on the Shannon side, a few miles from the suburban district above-mentioned.

They had assembled, on the morning of Eily's disappearance, a healthy and blooming household of all sizes, in the principal sitting room for a purpose no less important than that of dispatching breakfast. It was a favour-

able moment for any one who might be desirous of sketching a family picture. The windows of the room, which were thrown up for the purpose of admitting the fresh morning air, opened upon a trim and sloping meadow that looked sunny and cheerful with the bright green aftergrass of the season. The broad and sheety river washed the very margin of the little field, and bore upon its quiet bosom, (which was only ruffled by the circling eddies that encountered the advancing tide,) a variety of craft, such as might be supposed to indicate the approach to a large commercial city. Majestic vessels, floating idly on the basined flood, with sails half furled, in keeping with the languid beauty of the scene; lighters burthened to the water's edge with bricks or sand; large rafts of timber, borne onward towards the neighbouring quays under the guidance of a shipman's boat-hook; pleasure-boats, with gaudy pennons hanging at peak and topmast; or turf boats with their un-

picturesque and ungraceful lading, moving sluggishly forward, while their black sails seemed gasping for a breath to fill them; such were the *incidents* that gave a gentle animation to the prospect immediately before the eyes of the cottage-dwellers. On the farther side of the river arose the Cratloe hills, shadowed in various places by a broken cloud, and rendered beautiful by the chequered appearance of the ripening tillage, and the variety of hues that were observable along their wooded sides. At intervals, the front of a handsome mansion brightened up in a passing gleam of sunshine, while the wreaths of blue smoke, ascending at various distances from amongst the trees, tended to relieve the idea of extreme solitude which it would otherwise have presented.

The interior of the cottage was not less interesting to contemplate than the landscape which lay before it. The principal breakfast table (for there were two spread in the room)

was placed before the window, the neat and snow white damask cloth covered with fare that spoke satisfactorily for the circumstances of the proprietor, and for the housewifery of his help-mate. The former, a fair, pleasant faced old gentleman in a huge buckled cravat and square-toed shoes, somewhat distrustful of the meagre beverage which fumed out of Mrs. Daly's lofty and shining coffee-pot, had taken his position before a cold ham and fowl which decorated the lower end of the table. His lady, a courteous old personage, with a face no less fair and happy than her husband's, and with eyes sparkling with good nature and intelligence, did the honours of the board at the farther end. On the opposite side, leaning over the back of his chair with clasped hands in an attitude which had a mixture of abstraction and anxiety, sat Mr. Kyrle Daly, the first pledge of consubial affection that was born to this comely pair. He was a young man already initiated in the rudiments of the

legal profession ; of a handsome figure ; and in manner——but something now pressed upon his spirits which rendered this an unfavourable occasion for describing it.

A second table was laid in a more retired portion of the room, for the accommodation of the younger part of the family. Several well burnished goblets, or *porringers*, of *thick* milk flanked the sides of this board, while a large dish of smooth-coated potatoes reeked up in the centre. A number of blooming boys and girls, between the ages of four and twelve, were seated at this simple repast, eating and drinking away with all the happy eagerness of youthful appetite. Not, however, that this employment occupied their exclusive attention, for the prattle which circulated round the table frequently became so boisterous as to drown the conversation of the older people, and to call forth the angry rebuke of the master of the family.

The furniture of the apartment was in

accordance with the appearance and manners of its inhabitants. The floor was handsomely carpetted, a lofty green fender fortified the fire-place, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments with occasions for the frequent repetition of a favorite conundrum——

“ Why is that fender like Westminster Abbey ? ”

a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscoated walls were ornamented with several of the popular prints of the day, such as Hogarth's Roast Beef—Prince Eugene—Schomberg at the Boyne—Mr. Betterton playing Cato in all the glory of

“ Full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair ”

or the royal Mandane, in the person of Mrs. Mountain, strutting among the arbours of her Persian palace in a lofty tête and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings,



done by Mrs. Daly in her school-days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that they were very prettily framed. In justice to the fair artist it should also be mentioned that, contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never re-touched by the hand of her master; a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one, who saw the pictures, was tempted to call in question. A small book case, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and on examination might be found to contain a considerable number of works on Irish History—for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a circumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighbourhood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books; and a few volumes on cookery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney piece was assigned to some ornaments of

a more startling description. A gun rack, on which were suspended a long shore gun, a brass barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse pistols, manifested Mr. Daly's determination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle" said Mr. Daly, putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son—"you had better let me put a little *goose*" [with an emphasis] "on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who understood more intimately the nature of her son's reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband, the continuance of any raillery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house; but without being more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

“ Kyle ! ” he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover’s absence was not proof—“ Do you hear what your mother says ? ”

“ I ask pardon sir—I was absent, I—what were you saying, mother ? ”

“ She was saying ” continued Mr. Daly with a smile “ that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anne Chute, and that you were just meditating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the Bench in the Four Courts. ”

“ For shame, my dear !—Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing. I wonder how you can say that, my dear, and the children listening.

“ Pooh ! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention,” said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice however. “ But speaking seriously, my boy, you take this affair too deeply to heart ; and whether it be in our pur-

suit of wealth—or fame—or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides, it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind,” he added, smiling and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

“Ah, sir,” said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast table with a magnanimous affectation of cheerfulness. “I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment when he is certain of success.”

“Why, I was not bidden to despair, indeed,” said Mr. Daly, extending his hand to his wife, while they exchanged a quiet smile, which had in it an expression of tenderness and of melancholy remembrance. “I have, I believe, been more fortunate than more deserving persons. I have never been vexed with useless fears in my wooing

days, nor with vain regrets when those days were ended. I do not know, my dear lad, what hopes you have formed, or what prospects you may have shaped out of the future, but I will not wish you a better fortune than that you may as nearly approach to their accomplishment as I have done, and that Time may deal as fairly with you as he has done with your father." After saying this, Mr. Daly leaned forward on the table with his temple supported by one finger, and glanced alternately from his children to his wife; while he sang in a low tone the following verse of a popular song:

"How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly clung,  
To see them look their mother's features,  
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !  
And when with envy Time transported  
Shall think to rob us of our joys—  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I——

with a glance at Kyrle—

And I go wooing with the boys."

And this, thought young Kyrle, in the affectionate pause that ensued, this is the question which I go to decide upon this morning; whether my old age shall resemble the picture which I see before me, or whether I shall be doomed to creep into the winter of my life, a lonely, selfish, cheerless, money-hunting old bachelor. Is not this enough to make a little solicitude excusable, or pardonable at least?

“It is a long time now,” resumed Mr. Daly “since I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Chute. She was a very beautiful but a very wild girl when I knew her. Nothing has ever been more inexplicable to me than the choice she made of a second husband. You never saw Anne’s step-father, Tom Chute, or you would be equally astonished. *You* saw him, my love, did you not?”

Mrs. Daly laughed and answered in the affirmative.

“It shewed indeed a singular taste” said Mr.

Daly. 'They tell a curious story too, about the manner of their courtship.'

"What was that sir?" asked Kyrle, who felt a strong sympathetic interest in all stories connected with wooers and wooing.

"I have it, I confess, upon questionable authority—but you shall hear it, such as it is—Now, look at that young thief!" he added laughing, and directing Kyrle's attention to one of the children, a chubby young fellow, who, having deserted the potato-eating corps at the side-table, was taking advantage of the deep interest excited by the conversation, to make a sudden descent upon the contents of the japanned bread basket. Perceiving that he was detected, the little fellow relaxed his fingers, and drew back a little, glancing, from beneath his eye-lashes, a half dismayed and bashful look at the laughing countenance of his parent.

"Charles is not well to-day" said the mother, in a compassionate tone, and cutting

him a large wedge of her best home-made bread, which the lad began to demolish with a degree of rapidity that scarcely corroborated the assertion.

“But the story sir?” said Kyrle.

“But the story—Well, little Tom Chute, (he might have been better called little Tom-tit, only that he was not half so sprightly) was a very extraordinary man, for although he was small and fat, he was not merry, nor talkative. You would have pitied him to see him walking about a ball room with ruffles that looked like small buckles, and a queue half as long as himself, reminding one of the handle of a pump when the sucker is up—with the most forlorn aspect in the world, as if he were looking for a runaway wife. It was a curious anomaly in his character that although he—(Silence, there! my dear, will you speak to those children)—that although he always *looked* miserable in the midst of society, he really *was* so when out of it, as



if the continued embarrassment and mortification which he experienced were a stimulus which he could not do without. Round, fat, shy, awkward, and oily, as he was, however, he tumbled his little rotund figure into the heart of Mrs. Trenchard, who was at that time, though a widow, one of the leading belles in Munster. A fair friend was the first to disclose this rapturous secret to poor Tom, for he might have known Mrs. Trenchard for a century without being able to make it out himself. He did not know whether he should be most frightened or pleased at the intelligence—but certain it is that in the warmth of his first feelings, he made a tender of his hand to the lady, and was instantly accepted. A dashing, handsome fellow who had been rejected by her some time before, and who knew Chute's irresolute temper, resolved to indemnify himself for the mortification he had received by throwing some embarrassment in the way

of the nuptials, and effected it simply enough. It seems the lady's accomplishments were of a very general description, for besides playing the harpsichord to admiration, she could manage a horse with any hero of the County Club, and was known to join their hunting parties, and even to ride a steeple chase with éclat. Indeed it was generally admitted that she possessed more spirit than might have answered her purposes, or her husband's either. What fancy she could have taken to Tom Chute, I cannot for my life conceive. Well, this fellow met Tom going to her house one evening, as spruce as a water wagtail, with his queue poking up behind like the flag staff in the stern of a privateer. They got into conversation about the widow. "Beautiful creature, is'nt she?" simpered Tom, blushing up to the eyes, for it was another funny foible of Tom's, to redden up like a rose whenever there was any discourse of ladies; even when nobody dreamed

of any thing like raillery. “Beautiful creature, is’nt she?” says Tom. “Beautiful indeed” replied the other. And Tom stood on his toes, threw out his right elbow and took snuff. “And accomplished, I think?” “And very sensible” says the other. “And lively” says Tom. “And high spirited” says the other. “So they say, her late husband found, poor man, to his cost.” Tom dropped his jaw a little, and looked inquisitive. But the other, who saw that his business was done, declined all explanation, and hurried off with a concluding remark, that “the lady was unquestionably a capital *whip*.” Well, Tom got a sudden attack of—I do’nt know what complaint, went home that night, and sent an apology to the widow. He was not seen near her house for a fortnight after, and a report reached her ears that he had some notion of quitting the country. But if he had, she put a stop to it. One morning when Tom was looking over his books, he was startled by the

apparition of a tall woman in a riding dress, with a horsewhip in one hand, and a case of duelling pistols in the other. She nodded to Tom. "I understand" said she——

At this moment, a potatoe peel, flung from the side-table, whisked past Mr. Daly's nose, and with happier aim, lighted on that of Prince Eugene in the print before mentioned. The venerable, but too little venerated, story teller, who had been for the last few minutes endeavouring to raise his voice, so as to make it audible above the encreasing uproar of the young people, now turned round, at this unparalleled and violent aggression, and confronted the daring group in awful silence. Satisfied, however, with the sudden hush of terror which this action occasioned, and willing to reserve the burst of wrath for a future transgression, he turned again in silence ; and directing the servant girl who was in the room, to take the potatoe peel off Prince Eugene's nose, he resumed the thread of his narrative.

“ I understand,” said Mrs. Trenchard—for it was no other than the widow—“ that you intend leaving Ireland ?” Tom stammered and hesitated.—“ If my brother were living,” continued the lady, “ he would horsewhip you—but although he is not, Hetty Trenchard is able to fight her own way. Come, sir, my carriage is at the door below ; either step into it with me this minute, or take one of those pistols, and stand at the other end of the room.” Well, Tom looked as like a fool as any man in Ireland. He would’nt fight, and he would’nt be horsewhipped ; so that the business ended in his going into the carriage and marrying the lady. Some persons indeed insinuated that Tom was observed in the course of the day to chafe his shoulders two or three times with an expression of pain, as if his change of condition had been the result of a still harsher mode of reasoning than I have mentioned ; but this part of the story is without foundation.

“What a bold creature!” said the gentle Mrs. Daly.

“And is it possible, sir,” asked Kyrle, “that this amazon is the kind old lady whom Anne Chute attends with so much affection and tenderness in her infirmity?”

“Ah, ha! Kyrle, I see the nature of the bolt that has wounded you, and I like you the better for it, my boy. A good face is a pippin that grows on every hedge, but a good heart, that is to say, a well regulated one, is the apple of the Hesperides, worth even the risk of ease and life itself.”

Kyrle assented to this sagacious aphorism with a deep sigh.

“Are the Cregans and they on terms now?” asked Mrs. Daly.

“As much on terms as two families of such opposite habits can be. The Chutes invite the Cregans to a family dinner once or twice in the year, and the Cregans ask the Chutes to their

Killarney cottage ; both of which invitations are taken as *French compliments*, and never accepted. Cregan himself hates going to Castle Chute, because he has nobody there to make the jovial night with him, and young Hardress, (your friend, Kyrle,) is too wild a lad to confine himself to mere drawing room society. Apropos, talk of——, 'tis a vulgar proverb, and let it pass ; but there goes his trim pleasure boat, the *Nora Creina*, flying down the river, and there sits the youth himself, tiller in hand, as usual. Patcy, bring me the telescope ; I think I see a female dress on board."

The telescope was brought, and adjusted to the proper focus, while a dozen eager faces were collected about the small window, one over another, in the manner of those groups in painting called "Studies of Heads."

"That is he, indeed," continued Mr. Daly, resting the glass on the window-frame, and directing it towards the object of their attention——  
"there is no mistaking that dark and handsome

face, buried up as it is in his huge oiled penthouse hat, and there is his hunch-backed boatman, Danny Mann, or Danny the Lord, as the people call him since his misfortune, tending the foresheet in the bow. But that female—there is a female there, unquestionably, in a blue mantle, with the hood brought low over her eyes, sitting on the ballast. Who can she be?”

“Perhaps, Danny Mann’s cousin, Cotch Coonerty?” said Mrs. Daly.

“Or some western dealing woman who has come up to Limerick to purchase a reinforcement of pins, needles, whiskey, and Reading-made-easys, for her village counter, and is getting a free passage home from young master Hardress.”

“Like enough, like enough; it is just his way.—Hillo! the fellow is going to run down that fishing cot, I believe!”

A hoarse cry of “Bear away! Hold up your hand!” was heard from the water, and



reiterated with the addition of a few expletives, which those who know the energy of a boatman's dialect will understand without our transcribing them here. The pleasure-boat, however, heedless of those rough remonstrances, and apparently indisposed to yield any portion of her way, still held her bowsprit close to the wind, and sailed on, paying no more regard to the peril of the plebeian craft, than a French aristocrat of the *vielle cour* might be supposed to exhibit for that of a *sans culottes* about to be trodden down by his leaders in the Rue St. Honoré. The fishermen, with many curses, backed water, and put about as rapidly as possible; but without being able to avoid the shock of the Nora Creina, who just touched their stern with sufficient force to make the cot dart forward nearly an oar's length through the water, and to<sup>d</sup> lay the rowers sprawling on their backs in the bottom. Fortunately the wind, which had sprung up with

the returning tide, was not sufficiently strong to render the concussion more dangerous.

“ Like his proud mother in every feature,” said Mr. Daly—“ Is it not singular that while we were speaking of the characters of the family, he could not pass our window without furnishing us with a slight specimen of his own. See how statelily the fellow turns round and contemplates the confusion he has occasioned. There is his mother’s grandeur blended with the hair-brained wildness and idle spirit of his father.”

“ Hardress Cregan’s is the handsomest boat in the river,” said Patcy, a stout sunburnt boy—“ She beat all the Galway hookers from this to Beale. What a nice green hull!—and white sails and beautiful green colours flying over her peak and gaff-topsail! Oh! how I’d like to be steering her! ”

Mr. Daly winked at his wife, and whispered her that he had known Rear-Admirals come

of smaller beginnings. Mrs. Daly, with a little shudder, replied that she should not wish to see him a Rear-Admiral, the navy was so dangerous a service. Her husband, in order to sooth her, observed that the danger was not very near at hand.

In the meantime, Hardress Cregan became a subject of vehement debate at the side-table, to which the juvenile squadron had returned. One fair haired little girl declared that she was his "pet." A second claimed that distinction for herself.

"He gave me an O'Dell-cake when he was last here," said one.

"And me a stick of peppermint."

"He gave me a ——" in a whisper—"a kiss."

"And me two."

"He did'nt—"

"He did."

"I'll tell dad-da it was you threw the potatoe peel while ago."

“ Ah ha, tattler-tell-tale ! ”

“ Silence there ! fie ! fie ! what words are these ? ” said Mrs. Daly, “ come, kiss and be friends, now, both of you and let me hear no more.”

The young combatants complied with her injunction, and, as the duelling paragraphs say, “ the affair terminated amicably.”

“ But I was speaking,” Mr. Daly resumed, “ of the family pride of the Cregans. It was once manifested by Hardress’s father in a manner that might make an Englishman smile. When their little Killarney property was left to the Cregans, amongst many other additional pieces of display that were made on the occasion, it behoved Mr. Barny Cregan to erect a family vault and monument in his parish churchyard. He had scarcely however given directions for its construction when he fell ill of a fever, and was very near enjoying the honour of *hanselling* the new cemetery him

self. But he got over the fit, and made it one of his first cares to saunter out as far as the church, and inspect the mansion which had been prepared for his reception. It was a handsome Gothic monument occupying a retired corner of the churchyard, and shadowed over by a fine old sycamore. But Barny, who had no taste for the picturesque, was deeply mortified at finding his piece of sepulchral finery thrown so much into the shade. "What did I or my people do, he said to the architect, that we should be sent skulking into that corner? I paid my money and I'll have my own value for it." The monument was accordingly got rid of, and a sporting, flashy one erected opposite the gateway with the Cregan crest and shield, (in what herald's office it was picked up I cannot take upon me to say,) emblazoned on the frontispiece. Here, it is to be hoped, the aspiring Barnaby and his posterity may one day rest in peace.

“That would be a vain hope, I fear” said Kyrle, “at least so far as Mr. Cregan is concerned, if it were true, as our peasantry believe, that the churchyard is frequently made a scene of midnight mirth and revel, by those whose earthly carousals are long concluded. But what relationship is there between that family and Mrs. Chute?”

“She is step sister to Mrs. Cregan.”

“Indeed? So near?”

“Most veritable, therefore look to it. They tell a story—”

But the talkative old gentleman was interrupted in his anecdotal career by the entrance of a new actor on the scene.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HOW MR. DALY THE MIDDLEMAN ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST.

BUT what pen less gifted than his of Chios, or his of Avon, the delineator of Vulcan or of Grumio, can suffice to convey to the reader any idea of the 'mental and bodily proportions of this new comer, who thrust his small and shining head in upon the family party, to awaken their curiosity, and to rob Mr. Daly of so many attentive listeners as he numbered around him at this moment!

The person who opened the door acted as a

kind of herdsman or out-door servant to the family, and was a man of a rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck ; his legs long and clumsy, with knees and ancles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking-sticks, which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since ; his joints hung loosely, like those of a paste-board merry-andrew ; his body was very small ; his chest narrow ; and his head so diminutive, as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid the foundation of a giant, but running short of material, as the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking within the dimensions of a dwarf. So far was this economy pursued, that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished



with hair ; and the nose, with which the face was garnished, might be compared for its flatness to that of a young kid. “ It looked ” as the owner of this mournful piece of journeywork himself facetiously observed, “ as if his head were not thought worth a roof, nor his countenance worth a handle.” His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness that was much to be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a Kangaroo, or the fins of a seal, the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasions they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested, namely the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the Barony.

The costume which enveloped this singular frame, was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge *riding coat* of

grey frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calf-skin with the hairy side outwards; a shirt, of a texture almost as coarse as sail-cloth, made from the refuse of flax; and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Grey worsted stockings, with dog-skin brogues well paved in the sole, and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornments of this unaspiring personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to the recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices, so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic order, in one coup d'œil.

The expression of the figure though it varied with circumstances, was for the most part thoughtful and deliberative; the effect in a great measure of habitual penury and dependance.

At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a *spot of ground* in the neighbourhood of Limerick, and was *well to do* in the world, but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of beef, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings, and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimata of Irish misery, begging, listing, or emigrating, by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms, an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs, and the lightness of the body that encumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excelling honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which

he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been first anticipated. He had moreover the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly admit, and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simpleness, which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

“Ha! Lowry—” said Mr. Daly “Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the Post-master?”

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice, then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally straightening his person, and gazing on his master replied, “To lose it I did, Sir, for a place.”

“To lose what?”

“The place as postman, sir, through the

country westwards. Sure there I was a gentleman for life if it was'n't my luck."

"I do not understand you Lowry.

"I'll tell you how it was, masther. Afther the last postman died, sir, I took your ricommen-  
dation to the Post-masther, an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to thravelling, sir,' says I, 'for Misther Daly, over, and—.' 'Aye,' says he, takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs I see.' 'Middling, sir,' says I, (he's a very pleasant gentleman) its equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment. ' 'Twould be hard if you didn't get that any way,' says he, 'Well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I do'n' know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his ricommendation then Misther Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could."

"Well, and what was your agreement ?

"Ten pounds a year, sir," answered Lowry,

opening his eyes, as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum, “besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year.”

“ ’Twas very handsome, Lowry.”

“ Handsome, masther? ’Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure there I was a made gentleman all my days, if it was’n’t my luck, as I said before.”

“ Well, and how did you lose it?”

“ I’ll tell you, sir, ” answered Lowry, “ I was going over to the Post-masther yestherday, to get the Thralee mail from him, and to start off with myself, on my first journey. Well an’ good, of all the world, who should I meet, above upon the road, just at the turn down to the Post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the free-stone, in the sthreets? So I turned back.”

“ Turned back, for what? ”

“ Sure the world knows, masther, that it is'nt lucky to meet a red-haired woman an' you going of a journey.”

“ And you never went for the mail-bags ! ”

“ Faiks, I'm sure I did'nt that day.”

“ Well, and the next morning ? ”

“ The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place.”

“ And you lost the situation ! ”

“ For this turn, sir, any way. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure I thought I was cock sure of it, an' I having the Post-masther's word. But indeed, if I meet that free-stone crathur again, I'll knock her red head against the wall.

“ Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now.”

“ 'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardou, sir,” said Lowry, “ for sure if I did'nt

meet her at all this would'nt have happened me."

"Oh, " said Mr. Daly, laughing, " I see that you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry."

The man now walked slowly towards Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance, as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said—"The horse, sir, is ready, this way, at the doore abroad."

"Very well, Lowry. I shall set out this instant."

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round and walked to the door with his eyes on the ground, and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavouring to recollect something farther which he had intended to say.

"Lowry!" said Mr. Daly as the handle of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

"Lowry, tell me—did you see Eily O'Con-



nor, the rope-maker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday ? ”

“ Ah, you're welcome to your game, Master.”

“ 'Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry, and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face.”

Lowry opened his huge mouth, (we forgot to mention that it *was* a huge one,) and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. “ You are welcome to your game, master,” he repeated ;—“ long life to your honour.”

“ But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the County Gaol ? ”

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed into his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it however as a new piece of “ the

masther's game," he laughed and tossed his head.

" Folly \* on—sir—folly on."

" Because, if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A rope-maker! a manufacturer of rogue's last neckcloths—an understrapper to the gallows—a species of collateral hangman!"

" A' then, Missiz, do you hear this? And all rising out of a little ould fable of a story that happened às good as five year ago, because Moriarty the crooked hangman, (the thief!) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, and nobody knowen of him, an bought a couple o' pen'orth o' whip-cord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowses or hang-

men in his life. That's the whole tote o' their *insiniwaytions*."

"Never mind your master, Lowry," said Mrs. Daly, "he is only amusing himself with you."

"Oh, ha! I'm sure I know it ma'am; long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke."

"But Lowry——"

"A' heavens bless you, now mather, an let me alone. I'll say nothing to you."

"Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday."

"Middling, sir, like the small *piatees*, they tell me," said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation, "but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a huxter an she told me 'twas a bad fair because she could not sell her piggins, an I met a pig-

jobber, an he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high, an I met another little meagre creatur, a neighbour that has a cabin on the road above, an he said 'twas the best fair that ever come out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Mr. Hardress Cregan was there, and if he did'nt make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man."

"A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it?"

"Some o' them boys, them Garryowen lads, sir, to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comen down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin *reflecting* on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creatur! Well, if they did, Masther Hardress heerd 'em, and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em, 'What's that you're saying, you scoundrel?'

says he, 'What would you give to know?' says the other, mighty impudent. Master Hardress made no more, only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon \*Master Hardress, but faix they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed, it is'nt a goose or a duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all."

"And where were you all this while, Lowry?"

"Above, in Mihil's door, standen an looken about the fair for myself."

"And Eily?"

"Ah, hear to this again, now! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, master, that's what I'll do." And, suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

“ Well, Kyrle,” said Mr. Daly, as the latter rose and laid aside his chair, “ I suppose we are not to expect you back to night ?”

“ Likely not, sir. If I have any good news to tell, I shall send an answer by Lowry, who goes with me; and if——” something seemed to stick in his throat, and he tried to laugh it out——“ if I should be unsuccessful, I will ride on to the dairy-farm at Gurtenaspig, where Hardress Cregan promised to meet me.”

Mr. Daly wished him better fortune than he seemed to hope for, and repeated an old proverb about a faint heart and a fair lady. The affectionate mother, who felt the feverishness of the young lover's hand as he placed it in her's, and probably in secret participated in his apprehensions, followed him to the steps of the hall-door. He was already on horseback.

“ Kyrle,” said Mrs. Daly smiling while she looked up in his face and shaded her own with her hand, “ Remember, Kyrle, if Anne Chute

should play the tyrant with you, that there is many a prettier girl in Munster."

Kyrle seemed about to reply, but his young horse became restive, and as the gentleman felt rather at a loss, he made the impatience of the animal an apology for his silence. He waved his hand to the kind old lady, and rode away.

"And if she *should* play the tyrant with you, Kyrle," Mrs. Daly continued in soliloquy, while she saw his handsome and graceful figure diminish in the distance, "Anne Chute is not of my mind."

So said the mother as she returned to the parlour, and so would many younger ladies have said, had they known Kyrle Daly as well as she did.

While Mrs. Daly, who was the empress of all housekeepers, superintended the removal of the breakfast table, not disdaining, with her own fair hands, to restore the plate and china to their former neatness, the old gentleman called

all his children around him, to undergo a customary examination. They came flocking to his knees, the boys with their satchels thrown over their shoulders, and the girls with their gloves and bonnets on, ready for school. Occasionally, as they stood before the patriarchal sire, their eyes wandered from his face toward a lofty pile of sliced bread and butter, and a bowl of white sugar which stood near his elbow.

“North-East!” Mr. Daly began, addressing the eldest.—

It should be premised that this singular name was given to the child in compliance with a popular superstition; for sensible as the Dalys were accounted in their daily affairs, they were not wholly exempt from the prevailing weakness of their countrymen. Mrs. Daly’s three first children died at nurse, and it was suggested to the unhappy parents that if the next little stranger were baptized by the name of North-East, the curse would be removed



from their household. Mrs. Daly acceded to the proposition, adding to it at the same time the slight precaution of changing her nurses. With what success this ingenious remedy was attended, the flourishing state of Mr. Daly's nursery thenceforward sufficiently testified.

“North-east,” said the old gentleman, “When was Ireland first peopled?”

“By Partholanus, sir, in anno mundi 1956, the great, great, great, great, great, great grandson of Noah.”

“Six greats. Right my boy. Although the Cluan Mac Noisk makes it 1969. But a difference of a few years at a distance of nearly four thousand, is not a matter to be quarrelled with. Stay, I have not done with you yet. Mr. Tickleback tells me you are a great Latinist. What part of Ovid are you reading now?”

“The Metamorphoses, sir, book the thirteenth.”

“Ah, poor Ajax! He's an example and a

warning for all Irishmen. Well, North-east, Ulysses ought to supply you with Latin enough to answer me one question. Give me the construction of this, *Mater mea sus est mala.*"

The boy hesitated a moment, laughed, reddened a little and looked at his mother. "That's a queer thing, sir," he said at last.

"Come, construe, construe."

"*My mother is a bad sow,*" said Northeast, laughing, "that's the only English I can find for it."

"Ah, Northeast! Do you call me names, my lad?" said Mrs. Daly, while she laid aside the china in a cup-board.

"'Tis dadda you should blame, ma'am, 'twas he said it. I only told him the English of it."

This affair produced much more laughter and merriment than it was worth. At length Mr. Daly condescended to explain.

"You gave me one construction of it," said he, "but not the right one. However, these things cannot be learned all in a day,

and your translation was correct, North-East, in point of grammar, at all events. But, (he continued, with a look of learned wisdom,) “the true meaning of the sentence is this, *Mater*, mother, *mea*, hasten, *sus*, the sow, *est*, eats up, (*edere*, my boy, not *esse*,) *mala*, the apples.”

“Oh, its a *cran* I see,” said the boy with some indignation of tone. “One isn’t obliged to know *crans*. I’d soon puzzle you if I was to put you all the *crans* I know.”

“Not so easily as you suppose perhaps,” said his father in dignified alarm, lest his reputation should suffer in the eyes of his wife, who really thought him a profound linguist. “But you are a good boy. Go to school, North-East. Here, open your satchel.”

The satchel was opened, a huge slice of bread from the top of the pile above mentioned was dropt into it, and North-East set off south-south-west out of the house.

“Charles, who is the finest fellow in Ireland?”

“ Henry Grattan, sir.”

“ Why so, Sir ? ”

“ Because he says we must have a free trade, sir.”

“ You shall have a lump of sugar with your bread for that. Open your satchel. There. Run away now to school. Patcy ! ”

“ Sir ? ”

“ Patcy, tell me, who was the first Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the present reign ? ”

Patcy, an idle young rogue, stood glancing alternately at the pile of bread, and at his father's face, and shifting from one foot to another like a foundered nag. At last he said stoutly—

“ Julius Cæsar, sir.”

“ That's a good boy. Ah, you young villain, if I had asked you who won the last boat-race, or how many hookers went by this morning, you'd give me a better answer than that. Was it Julius Cæsar sailed round the revenue Cutter, near Tarbert, the other day ? ”

“No, sir, it was Larry Kett.”

“I’ll engage you know that. Well, tell me this, and I’ll forgive you—Who was the bravest seaman you ever heard of? always excepting Hardress Cregan.”

“Brown, sir, the man that brought the Bilboa ship into Youghal, after making prisoners of nine Frenchmen—the fellows, dad-da,” the boy continued warming with his subject—“that were sent to take the vessel into France, and Brown had only three men and a boy with him, and they retook the ship and brought her into Youghal. But sure one Irishman was more than a match for two Frenchmen.”

“Well, I perceive you have some knowledge in physics, and comparative physiology. There’s some hope of you. Go to school.” And the pile of bread appeared a few inches lower.

The remainder was distributed amongst the girls, to whom the happy father put questions, in history, geography, catechism, &c. proportioned

to the capacity of each. At length, he descended to the youngest, a little cherub with roses of three years' growth in her cheeks.

“ Well, Sally, my pet, what stands for sugar ? ”

“ I, dadda.”

“ Ah, Sally's a wag I see. You do stand for it indeed, and you shall get it. We must not expect to force nature ” he added, looking at his wife and tossing his head. “ Every beginning is weak—and Sam Johnson himself was as indifferent a philologist once in his day. And now, to school at once, darlings, and bring home good judgments. Nelly will go for you at three o'clock.”

The little flock of innocents, who were matched in size like the reeds of a pandean pipe, ‘ each under each ’ having left the scene, Mr. Daly proceeded to dispatch his own affairs, and possessed himself of his hat and cane.

“ I'll step over to the meadow, my dear—and see how the hay gets on. And give me that

pamphlet of Hutchinson's—Commercial Restraints—I promised to lend it to father Malachy. And let the stranger's room be got ready, my love, and the sheets aired, for I expect Mr. Windfall the tax-gatherer to sleep here to-night. And, Sally, if Ready should come about his pigs that I put in pound last night, let him have them free of cost, but not without giving the fellow a fright about them ; and above all, insist upon having rings in their noses before night. My little lawn is like a fallow field with them. I'll be back at five."

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster 'Middleman' sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song—

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering  
Which I've worn for three score years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.

My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,  
For this old worn out stuff that is threadbare to-day,  
May become everlasting tomorrow.  
Tomorrow ! Tomorrow !  
May become everlasting tomorrow ! ”

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term ‘middleman’ has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place amongst those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the labourers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influ-



ence, the quick and honourable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes—while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance, with the same feeling of respect and of dependance which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any enquiry into his character or fortunes, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which in progress of time swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There are few now in that class as prosperous, many as intelligent and high-principled, as Mr. Daly.

## CHAPTER V.

HOW KYRLE DALY RODE OUT TO WOO, AND  
HOW LOWRY LOOBY TOLD HIM SOME STO-  
RIES ON THE WAY.

KYRLE Daly had even better grounds than he was willing to insist upon for doubting his success with Anne Chute. He had been introduced to her for the first time in the course of the preceding Spring, at an Assize ball, and thought her, with justice, the finest girl in the room, he danced two sets of country-dances — (Ah! ces beaux jours!) — with her, and was ravished with her manners; he saw her home at night and left his heart behind him when he bade her farewell.

The conquest of his affections might not have been so permanent as to disturb his quiet, had it not been quickly followed by that of his reason likewise. His subsequent acquaintance with the young lady produced a confirmation of his first impressions, from which he neither sought nor hoped to be delivered. The approbation of his parents fixed the closing rivet in the chain which bound him. Mrs. Daly loved Anne Chute for her filial tenderness and devotion, and Mr. Daly, with whom portionless virtue would have met but a tardy and calm acceptance, was struck motionless when he heard that she was to have the mansion and demesne of Castle Chute, which he knew had been held by her father's family at a pepper-corn rent. Insomuch that Kyrle might have said with Lubin in the French comedy, "*Il ne tiendra qu'à elle que nous ne soyons mariés ensemble.*"

Nothing however in the demeanour of the

young lady led him to believe that their acquaintance would be likely to terminate in such a catastrophe. It was true she liked him, for Kyrle was a popular character amongst all his fair acquaintances. He had, in addition to his handsome appearance, that frank and cheerful manner, not unmingled with a certain degree of tenderuess and delicacy, which is said to be most successful in opening the way to the female heart. Good nature spoke in his eyes, in his voice, and in "the laughter of his teeth,"—and he carried around him a certain air of ease and freedom, governed by that happy and instinctive discretion which those who affect the quality in vain attempt to exercise, and always overstep. But he could not avoid seeing that it was as a mere acquaintance he was esteemed by Miss Chute, an intimate, familiar, and, he sometimes flattered himself, a valued one, but still a mere acquaintance. She had even received some of his attentions with a coldness

intentionally marked, but as an elegant coldness formed a part of her general manner, the lover, with a lover's willing blindness, would not receive those intimations as he at first thought they were intended.

When the affections are once deeply impressed with the image of beauty, every thing in nature that is beautiful to the eyes, musical to the ears, or pleasing to any of the senses, awakens a sympathetic interest within the heart, and strengthens the impression under which it languishes. The loveliness of the day, and of the scenes through which he passed, occasioned a deep access of passion in the breast of our fearful wooer. The sky was mottled over with those small bright clouds which sailors, who look on them as ominous of bad weather, term *mackerel*, large masses of vapour lay piled above the horizon, and the deep blue openings over-head, which were visible at intervals, appeared streaked with a

thin and drifted mist which remained motionless, while the clouds underneath were driven fast across by a wind that was yet unfelt on earth.

The wooded point of land which formed the site of Castle-Chute projected considerably into the broad river at a distance of many miles from the road on which he now travelled, and formed a point of view on which the eye, after traversing the extent of water which lay between, reposed with much delight. Several small green islands, and rocks black with sea-weed, and noisy with the unceasing cry of sea-fowl, diversified the surface of the stream, while the shores were clothed in that graceful variety of shade and light and hue which is peculiar to the season. As Kyrle with the fidelity of a lover's eye fixed his gaze on the point of land above mentioned, and on the tall castle which overtopped the elms, and was reflected in the smooth and shining waters underneath, he saw a white sailed pleasure boat

glide under its walls and stand out again into the bed of the river. A sudden flash shot from her bow, and after the lapse of a few seconds, the report of a gun struck upon his ear. At the same moment, the green flag which hung at the peak of the boat, was lowered in token of courtesy, and soon after hoisted again to its former position. Kyrle, who recognised the *Nora Creina*, felt a sudden hurry in his spirits at the sight of this telegraphic communion with the family of his beloved. The picture instantly rushed into his mind of the effects produced by this incident in the interior of *Castle-Chute*. Anne Chute looking up and starting from her work-table; her mother leaning on her gold headed cane and rising with difficulty from her easy chair to move towards the window; the cross old steward, Dan Dawley, casting a grum side-glance from his desk, through the hall window; the housemaid, Syl Carney, pausing, brush in hand,

and standing like an evoked spirit in a cloud of dust, to gape in admiration of the little pageant; the lifting of the sash, and the waving of a white handkerchief in answer to the greeting from the water; but could it be visible at that distance? He put spurs to his horse and rode forward at a brisker rate.

The figure of Lowry Looby, moving forward at a sling trot on the road before him, was the first object that directed his attention from the last mentioned incident, and turned his thoughts into a merrier channel. The Mercury of the cabins, with a hazel stick for his herpe, and a pair of well-paved brogues for his talaria, jogged forward at a rate which obliged his master to trot at the summit of his speed in order to overtake him. He carried the skirts of his great frieze 'riding-coat' under his arm, and moved—or, more properly, sprang forward, throwing out his loose-jointed legs forcibly and with such a careless freedom, that it seemed as



if when once he lifted his foot from the ground he could not tell where it would descend again. His hat hung so far back on his head that the disk of the crown was fully visible to his followers, while his head was so much in the rear of his shoulders, and moved from side to side with such a jaunty air, that it seemed at times as if the owner had a mind to leave it behind him altogether. In his right hand, fairly balanced in the centre, he held the hazel stick before alluded to, while he half hummed, half sung aloud a verse of a popular ballad :—

“ Bryan O’Lynn had no small-clothes to wear,  
He cut up a sheepskin to make him a pair,  
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,  
‘ Tis pleasant and cool,’ says Bryan O’Lynn.”

“ Lowry ! ” shouted Kyrle Daly.

“ Going, sir ! ”

“ Going ? I think you *are* going, and at a pretty brisk rate too ;—you travel merrily, Lowry.”

“ Middleden, sir, middlen ; as the world goes. I sing for company, ever and always, when I go a long road by myself, an’ I find it a dale pleasanter and lighter on me. Equal to the lark, that the louder he sings the higher he mounts, its the way with me an’ I travellen, the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

“ I am a bold bachelor, airy and free,  
Both cities and counties are equal to me :  
Among the fair females of every degree  
I care not how long I do tarry.”

“ Lowry, what do you think of the day ?”

“ What do I think of it, sir ? I’m thinken ‘twill rain, an’ I’m sorry for it, an’ the masters hay out yet. There’s signs o’ wind an’ rain. The forty days ar’nt out yet, and there was a sighth o’ rain the last Saint Sweeten.” And he again resumed his melody, suffering it to sink and swell in a

manner alternately distinct and inarticulate, with a slight mixture of that species of enunciation which Italians term the voice of the head:—

“ I never will marry while youth's at my side,  
For my heart it is light and the world is wide,  
I'll ne'er be a slave to a haughty old bride,  
To curb me and keep me uneasy.”

“ And why should last Saint Sweeten have any thing to do with this day ? ”

“ Oyeh, then, sure enough, sir. But they tell an ould fable about Saint Sweeten when he was first buried—”

“ Why, was he buried more than once, Lowry ? ”

“ Ayeh, hear to this ! Well, well,—’tis maken a hand o’ me your honour is fairly, kind father for you. He *was*, then, buried more than once, if you go to that of it. He was a great Saint living, an’ had a long

*berrin* when he died, and when they had the grave dug an' were for putten him into it, the sky opened an' it kep poweren, poweren rain for the bare life, an' stopt so for forty days an' nights—"

"And they could'nt bury him?"

"An' they could'nt bury him, till the forty days were over—"

"He had a long wake, Lowry."

"Believe it, sir. But ever since that, they remark whatever way Saint Sweeten's day is, its the same way for forty days after. You don't b'lieve that sir, now?"

"Indeed, I am rather doubtful."

"See that why! Why then I 'seen a schoolmaster westwards that had as much Latin and English as if he swallowed a dictionary, an' he'd outface the world that it was as true as you're going the road this minute. But the *quollity* does'nt give in to them things at all. Heaven be with ould times! There is

nothing at all there, as it used to be, Master Kyrle. ' There is'nt the same weather there, nor the same peace, nor comfort, nor as much money, nor as strong whiskey, nor as good *piatees*, nor the gentlemen is'nt so pleasant in themselves, nor the poor people so quiet, nor the boys so divarten', nor the girls so coaxen', nor nothen' at all is there as it used to be formerly. ' Hardly, I think, the sun shines as bright in the day, an' nothen' shows itself now by night, neither spirits nor good people. In them days, a man could'nt go a lonesome road at night without meeten' things that would make the hair of his head stiffen equal to bristles. Now you might ride from this to Dingle without seeing anything uglier than yourself on the way. But what help for it ?"

' Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,  
He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;  
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
Because that he was the true son of a king.

But this false fortune,  
Which still is uncertain,  
Has caused this long parting between him an me,  
His name I'll advance,  
In Spain an' in France,  
An' seek out my Blackbird wherever he be."

\*

"An' you would'nt b'lieve, now, Master Kyrle, that any thing does be shōwen' itself at night at all? Or used to be of ould?"

"It must be a very long while since, Lowry."

"Why then, see this, sir. The whole country will tell you, that after Mr. Chute died, the ould man of all, Mr. Tom's father, you heerd of him?"

"I recollect to have heard of a fat man, that——"

"Fat!" exclaimed Lowry, in a voice o surprise; "you may say fat. There is'nt that doore on hinges that he'd pass in, walken with a fair front, widout he turned sidewavs

or skamed in, one way or other. You an' I, an' another along wid us, might be made out o' the one half of him, aisy. His body coat, when he died, *med* a whole shoot for Dan Dawley the steward, besides a jacket for his little boy; an' Dan was no fishing-rod that time, I tell *you*. But any way, fat or lain, he was buried, an' the world will tell you, that he was seen rising a fortnight after be Dan Dawley, in the shape of a drove o' young pigs."

"A whole drove?"

"A whole drove. An' tis'nt lain, lanky caishes of store pigs either, only fat, fit for bacon. He was passen' the forge, near the ould gate, an' the moon shinen' as bright as silver, when he seen him comen' again' him on the road. Sure he is'nt the same man ever since."

"Dan Dawley is not easily caught by appearances. What a sharp eye he must have had, Lowry, to recognise his master under such a disguise!"

“ Oyeh, he knew well what was there. Tis’nt the first time with Dan Dawley seeing things o’ the kind. Did’nt you ever hear, what happened Dan, in regard of his first wife, sir ? ”

“ No. ”

“ Well, aisy, an’ I’ll tell you. Dan was married to a girl o’ the Hayeses, a very intricate little creatur, that led him a mighty unaisy life from the day they married, out. Well, it was Dan’s luck she got a stitch an’ died one mornen’, an’ if she did, Dan made a *pilliloo* an’ a *lavo* over her, as if he lost all belongen’ to him. They buried her, for all, an’ Dan was sitten’ in his own doore, and he twisten’ a gad to hang a little taste o’ bacon he had, an’ he singen’ the *Roving Journeyman* for himself, when, tundther alive ! who should walk in the doore to him, only his dead wife, an’ she living as well as ever ! Take it from me he did’nt stay long where he was. ‘ E’ is that you, Cauth ? ’ says he, ‘ The very one,’ says she, ‘ hów



does the world use you, Dan?' Wisha, mid-dlen,' says Dan again. 'I didn't think we'd see you any more, Cauth,' says he. 'Nor you would'nt either' says she, 'only for yourself.' 'Do you tell me so?' says Dan Dawley, 'how was that?' 'There are two dogs,' says she, 'that are sleeping on the road I was going in the other world, an' the noise you made cryen' over me wakened 'em, an' they riz again' me, an' would'nt let me pass.' 'See that why!' says Dan, grinning, 'war'nt they the conthrairy pair?' Well, after another twelvemonth, Cauth died the second time: but I'll be your bail, it was long from Dan Dawley to cry over her this turn as he did at first. 'T was all his trouble to see would he keep the women at the wake from *keening* over the dead corpse, or doing any thing in life that would waken the dogs. Signs on, she passed 'em, for he got neither tale nor tiden's of her, from that day to this. 'Poor Cauth!' says Dan, 'why should

I cry, to have them dogs tearen' her may be !”

“ Dan Dawley was a lucky man,” said Kyrle. “ Nether Orpheus, nor Theseus had so much to say for themselves as he had. ”

“ I never hear talks o' them gentlemen, sir. Wor they o' these parts ? ”

“ Not exactly. One of them was from the county of Attica, and the other from the county Thrace. ”

“ I never hear of 'em. I partly guessed they wor strangers,” Lowry continued with much simplicity ; “ but any way Dan Dawley was a match for the best of 'em, an' a luckier man than I told you yet, moreover, that's in the first beginneñ' of his days. ”

At this moment, a number of smart young fellows, dressed out in new felt hats, clean shoes and stockings with ribbands flying at the knees, passed them on the road. They touched their hats respectfully to Mr. Daly, while they re-

cognised his attendant by a nod, a smile, and a familiar "Is that the way, Lowry?"

"The very way, then, lads," said Lowry, casting a longing look after them, "Going to Garryowen they are now, divarten, for the night," he added in a half envious tone, after which he threw the skirt of his coat from the left to the right arm, looked down at his feet, struck the ground with the end of his stick, and trotted on, singing

"I'm noted for dancen a jig in good order,  
A min'et I'd march, an I'd foot a good reel,  
In a country dance still I'd be the leading partner,  
I ne'er faultered yet from a crack on the heel."

My heart is with ye, boys, this night. But I was tellen you, Master Kyrle, about Dan Dawley's luck! Listen hether."

He dried his face, which was glistening with moisture and flushed with exercise, in his frieze coat, and commenced his story.

"'Tisn't in Castle Chute the family lived

always, sir, only in ould Mr. Chute's time, he built it, an' left the fort above, an' I'll tell you for what raison. \* The ould man of all that had the fort before him, used to be showing himself there at night, himself an' his wife, an' his two daughters, an' a son, an' there were the strangest noises ever you hear, going on above stairs. The master had six or seven sarvints, one after another, stopping up to watch him, but there is'nt one of 'em but was killed by the spirit. Well, he was forced to quit at last on the 'count of it, an' it is then he built Castle Chute, the new part of it, where Miss Anne an' the old lady lives now. Well an' good, if he did, he was standen one mornen oppozzit his own gate on the road side, out, an' the sun shining, an' the birds singing for themselves in the bushes, when who should he see only Dan Dawley, an' he a little gaffer the same time, serenaden' down the road for the bare life. 'Where to now, lad?' says Mr.

Chute, (he was a mighty pleasant man) 'Looking for a master, then' says Dan Dawley. 'Why then, never go past this gate for him,' says Mr. Chute, if you'll do what I bid you,' says he. 'What's that, sir?' says the boy. So he up an' told him the whole story about the fort, an' how something used to be showen itself there, constant, in the dead hour o' the night; an' have you the courage,' says he 'to sit up a night an' watch it?' 'What would I get by it?' says Dan, looking him up in the face. 'I'll give you twenty guineas in the mornen, an' a table, an' a chair, an' a pint o' whiskey, an' a fire, an' a candle, an' your dinner before you go,' says Mr. Chute. 'Never say it again,' says the gorsoon, 'tis high wages for one night's work, an' I never yet done,' says he, 'any thing that would make me in dread o' the living or the dead; or afraid to trust myself into the hands o' the Almighty.' 'Very well,\* away with you,' says the gentleman, 'an' I'll have your life

if you tell me a word of a lie in the mornen',  
says he. 'I will not, sir,' says the boy, 'for what?'  
Well, he went there, an' he drew the table a-near  
the fire for himself, an' got his candle, an' began  
readen his book. 'Tis the lonesomest place you  
ever see. Well! that was well an' good, 'till he  
heerd the greatest racket that ever was, going  
on above stairs, as if all the slates on the roof  
were fallen. 'I'm in dread,' says Dan, 'that  
these people will do me some bad hurt,' says he.  
An' hardly he said the word, when the doore  
opened, and in they all walked, the ould gen-  
tleman with a great big wig on him, an' the wife,  
an' the two daughthers, an' the son. Well, they  
all put elbows upon themselves, an' stood looken  
at him out in the middle o' the floore. He said  
nothen, an' they said nothen, an' at last, when  
they were tired o' looken, they went out an'  
walked the whole house, an' went up stairs  
again. The gentleman came in the mornen  
early. 'Good morrow, good boy,' says he,

‘ Good morrow, sir,’ says the boy, ‘ I had a dale o’ fine company here last night,’ says he, ‘ ladies an’ gentlemen.’ ‘ Its a lie you’re tellen me,’ says Mr. Chute. ‘ ’Tis not a word of a lie, sir,’ says Dan, ‘ there was an ould gentleman with a big wig, an’ an ould lady, an’ two young ones, and a young gentleman,’ says he. ‘ True for you,’ says Mr. Chute, putten a hand in his pocket, an’ reachen him *twinty* guineas. ‘ Will you stay there another night ? ’ says he. ‘ I will, sir,’ says Dan. Well, he went walken’ about the fields for himself, an’ when night come ——”

“ You may pass over the adventures of the second night, Lowry,” said Kyrle, “ for I suspect that nothing was effected until the third.”

“ Why then, you just guesseed it, sir. Well, the third night he said to himself ‘ Escape how I can,’ says he, ‘ I’ll speak to that ould man with the wig, that does be putten’ an elbow on himself an’ looken at me ! Well, the ould man an’ all of ’em came an’ stood oppozzit him with

elbows on 'em as before. Dan got frightened, seeing 'em stop so long in the one place, and the ould man looken' so wicked —(he was after killing six or seven, in the same Fort,) an' he went down on his two knees, an' he put his hands together, and, says he———”

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life, occasioned an interruption in this part of the legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black ribband, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to disclose the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door and intercepted the progress of the travellers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball from which it had been unwound. Kyrle paused, too well



acquainted with the country customs to break through the slender impediment.

“ Pay your *footing*, now, Master Kyrle Daly, before you go farther,” said one.

“ Dont overlook the wheel, sir,” added the girl who remained next the door.

Kyrle searched his pocket for a shilling, while Lowry, with a half smiling, half censuring, face, murmured—

“ Why then, heaven send ye sense as it is it ye want this mornen.”

“ And you manners, Mr. Looby. Single your freedom, an’ double your distance, I beg o’ you. Sure your purse, if you have one, is safe in your pocket. Long\* life an’ a good wife to you, Master Kyrle, an’ I wisht I had a better hould than this o’ you. I wisht you were *in looze*, an’ that I had the finding of you this mornen’.”

So saying, while she smiled merrily on Kyrle, and darting a scornful glance at Lowry

Looby, she returned to her woollen wheel, singing as she twirled it round :—

“ I want no lectures from a learned master,  
He may bestow 'em on his silly train—  
I'd sooner walk through my blooming garden,  
An' hear the whistle of my jolly swain.”

To which Lowry, who received the lines, as they were probably intended, in a satirical sense, replied, as he trotted forwards, in the same strain :

“ These dressy an' smooth-faced young maidens,  
Who now looks at present so gay,  
Has borrowed some words o' good English,  
An' knows not one half what they say.  
No female is fit to be married,  
Nor fancied by no man at all,  
But those who can sport a drab mantle,  
An' likewise a cassimere shawl.”

“ Hoop-whishk ! Why then, she's a clean made little girl for all, is'nt she, Master Kyrle ? But I was tellen' you—where's this I was ? Iss, just. Dan Dawley going on his knees an'

talking to the *sperrit*. Well! he raised his two hands this way, an' 'The Almighty be betune you an' me this night,' says he. 'Ah! that's my good boy,' says the ould man, 'I was waiting these three nights to have you speak first, an' if you had'nt that time, I'd have your life equal to all the others,' says he. 'But come with me now, an' I'll make a gentleman o' you, for you're the best boy that ever I see,' says he. Well, the boy got a trembling, an' he could'nt folly him. 'Do'nt be one bit afeerd o' me,' says the ould gentleman, 'for I wont do you a ha'p'orth o' hurt.' Well, he carried Dan after him through the house, an' he shewed him three crocks o' goold buried behind a doore, an' 'D'ye hear to me now,' says he, 'tell my son to give one o' these crocks to my daughtler, an' another to you, an' to keep the third himself; an' then I won't show myself this way any more,' says he—'for its the goold that does be always tröubling us in the ground. An' tell him if he lives,' says he,

‘to give you my daughter in marriage, an’ this Fort along with her.’ ‘Allilu! me tell him!’ cries Dan Dawley. ‘I’m sure I would’nt take him such a message for the world.’ ‘Do, ayeh,’ says the ould man, ‘an’ shew him this ring for a token, ‘an’ tell him I’ll be shewing myself be day and be night to him, until he’ll give her to you.’ So he vanished in the greatest tundther ever you hear. That was well an’ good—well, the next mornen’ Mr. Chute come, an’ if he did, ‘Good morrow, good boy,’ says he; ‘Good morrow, sir,’ says Dan. ‘Have you any news for me after the night?’ says he, ‘I have, very good news,’ says Dan, ‘I have three crocks o’ goold for you, I got from the ould gentleman,’ says he, an’ he up an’ tould him all about it, an’ showed him the goold. ‘Its a lie you’re tellen’ me,’ says Mr. Chute, ‘an’ I’ll have your life,’ says he—‘you went rooten’ an’ found these yourself.’ So Dan put a hand in his pocket an’ pulled out the ring and gave it

into his hand. It was the ring, sir, his father wore the day he was buried. 'I give it in to you,' says Mr. Chute, 'you did see them surely. What else did he say to you?' Well, Dan begin looken' down an' up, an' this way, an' that way, an' didn't know what to say. 'Tell me at once,' says Mr. Chute, 'an' fear nothing.' Very well. He did. 'Sir' says he, 'the ould gentleman told me, an' sure 'tis a thing I don't expect—but he said I should get Miss Anna, your sister, in marriage.' Well, Mr. Chute stood looken' at Dan as if he had three heads on him. 'Give you my sister, you *keowt* of a *geocogh*!' says he, 'You flog Europe for bouldness—Get out o' my sighth,' says he, 'this minute, or I'll give you a kick that 'll raise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence.' 'An' wont I get the crock o' goold, sir?' says Dan. 'Away out o' that with you,' says the gentleman, 'tis to rob me you want, I believe, you notorious delinquent.' Well, Dan was forced to cut, but in a

while after, the ould man sent for him, an' made him a compliment o' something handsome, an' put him over his business, as he is to-day with the present people, and an honest creatur as could be. There's more people says that it was all a fable, an' that Dan Dawley *dremt* of it, but this was his own story.—An' sure *I* might as well be draming, too," he added, casting a side glance at Kyrle, "for its little attention you are paying to me or my story."

In this assertion, Lowry was perfectly correct, for his young master's thoughts at that moment were occupied by a far more interesting subject.

## CHAPTER VI.

HOW KYRLE DALY WAS MORE PUZZLED BY A  
PIECE OF PAPER, THAN THE ABOLISHERS OF  
THE SMALL-NOTE CURRENCY THEMSELVES.

IN taking out of his pocket the piece of silver which he wanted to bestow on the cottage Omphale, he drew forth with it a little paper containing a copy of verses which he had taken from one of Anne Chute's music books. They were written in a boyish hand, and signed with the letters H. C.; and Kyrle was taxing his memory to recapitulate all the bachelors in the county who bore those initials. There was in the first place Hyland Creagh, commonly called

Fireball Creagh, a great *sweater* and *pinker*—a notorious duellist, who had been concerned either on behalf of himself or his friends, in more than one hundred “affairs of honour”—a member of the Hell-fire Club, a society constituted on principles similar to that of the Mohocks which flourished in London about half a century before Kyrle’s time, and whose rules and orders the reader may peruse at full length in the manifesto of their Emperor Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, as set forth in Mr. Addison’s amusing journal. Of the provincial branch of this society abovementioned, (it is a name that we are loth to repeat oftener than is necessary) Mr. Hyland Fireball Creagh had been a member in his early days, and was still fond of recounting their customs and adventures with greater minuteness than always accorded with the inclinations of his hearers. There were some qualities in the composition of this gentleman, which made it probable enough that he



might write verses in a lady's music-book. He was as gallant as any unmarried Irishman of his day, and he had a *fighting name*, a reputation which was at that time in much higher request than it is in our own. He had *conversation*—(an essential talent in a man of gallantry,) he dressed well, though with a certain antiquated air—and he had a little poodle dog, which shut the door when you said “*Baithershin!*” and chucked a crust of bread from his nose into his mouth, at the word “Fire!” And Mr. Creagh, whenever his canine follower was called on to perform those feats, was careful to make the ladies observe, that Pincher never ventured to snap, at the word “Make ready!” or “Present!” while if you whispered “Fire!” in never so gentle a tone—pop! the bread vanished in an instant. But then there were some objections which were likely to neutralize these accomplishments of Fireball and his dog; and to render it unlikely after all, that he (that is, the

former) had been the perpetrator of the verses. He had run through his property and reduced himself to the mean estate of a needy guest at other men's tables, and a drinker of other men's wine—or rather whiskey, for that was the fundamental ingredient of his customary beverage. This circumstance laid him under the necessity of overlooking a greater number of unhandsome speeches than was consistent with his early fame. And there was one other objection which rendered it still more improbable that Anne Chute would think any of his effusions worth preserving. He was just turned of sixty-five.

It could not, therefore, be Mr. Hyland Fireball Creagh. H. C.? Who was it?—Hepton Connolly?

Now, reader, judge for yourself what a wise conjecture was this of Mr. Kyrle Daly's. Mr. Hepton Connolly was a still more objectionable swain than the Irish diner-out above

described ; indeed he had no single qualification to recommend him as a social companion, except that of being able to contain a prodigious quantity of whiskey punch at a sitting, a virtue in which a six-gallon jar might have excelled him. Nor do I find that there was any part of Anne Chute's demeanour which could lead Kyrle Daly to suppose that this circumstance would take a powerful hold of her affections ; although it secured him an envied place in those of her uncle, Mr. Barnaby Cregan of Roaring-Hall. — For the rest, Mr. Hepton Connolly was one individual of a species which is now happily extinct among Irish gentlemen. He just retained enough of a once flourishing patrimony to enable him to keep a hunter, a racer, and an insolent groom. He was the terror of all the petty-fogging lawyers, the three-and-nine-penny attorneys, bailiffs, and process-servers in the county. Against these last in particular, he had carried his indignation to such a length,

as to maim one of them for life by a shot from his hall window. And he told fifty anecdotes which made it appear astonishing that he had escaped the gallows so long. But he relied strongly (and in those days not without reason) on the fact, that there could not be a Jury empannelled against him on which he might not number a majority of his own relations. It was not indeed that he calculated much on their personal regard or affection for himself, but the stain upon their own name was such, he knew, as they would not willingly incur. His reliance upon this nicety of honour in his friends was so complete, that he never suffered any uneasiness upon those occasions when it became necessary for him to plead to an indictment, however irresistible the evidence by which it was supported; and the only symptoms of anxiety which he ever manifested consisted in a frequent reference to his watch and a whisper to the under-turnkey, to know

whether he had left directions at the gaol to keep his dinner hot. One amusing effect produced by Mr. Connolly's repeated collision with judicial authorities was, that he acquired a gradual fondness for the law itself, and became knowing upon the *rights of persons* and the *rights of things*, in proportion to the practical liberties which he was in the habit of taking with the one and the other. While he made little account of breaking a man's head at a second word, he would prosecute to the rigour of the law a poor half naked mountaineer for stealing a basket of turf from his ricks, or cutting a fagot in one of his hedges. To do him justice, however, it should be mentioned that he never was known to pursue matters to extremity in the instance of punishment, and was always satisfied with displaying his own legal skill before the petty sessions. Nay, he had even been frequently known to add considerably to his own loss in those cases by

making a gift to the culprit of many times the amount of the pilfered property. If Anne Chute could receive this single trait of good feeling as a counterpoise for much bad principle; if she could love to see her house filled with jockies, horse-riders, grooms, and drunken gentlemen; if she could cherish a fondness for dogs and unlicensed whiskey; if, in a word, she could be the happy wife of a mere sportsman, then it was possible that Mr. Hepton Connolly might be the transcriber (author was out of the question) of the little effusion that had excited Kyrle Daly's curiosity.

Who was it? The question still remained without a solution. Ha!—Her cousin and his college friend, Mr. Hardress Cregan? The conjecture at first made the blood fly into his face, while his nerves were thrilled by a horrid sensation of mingled fear, grief, and anger. But a moment's reflection was sufficient to restore quiet to his mind, and to smite down the

spirit of jealousy at its first motion within his breast. Hardress Cregan was perfectly indifferent to the lady, he seldom spoke of her, and scarcely ever visited at Castle Chute. It could not be Hardress. He was a great deal too shy and timid to carry on a lengthened interchange of raillery with any young lady, and if it were more than raillery he knew the intensity of his friend's character too well, to suppose that he would refrain from pursuing his fortunes. It could not be Hardress. He was perfectly aware of Kyrle Daly's secret; he had repeatedly expressed the warmest wishes for his success, and Hardress Cregan was no hypocrite. They had been friends, attached friends at College, and although their intercourse had been much interrupted since their return home, by difference of pursuits and of tastes or habits, still their early friendship remained unchanged, and they never met but with the warmth and the affection of brothers. It was true he had

heard Hardress speak of her with much esteem, on his first introduction to College, and when he was yet a very young lad; but a little raillery was abundantly sufficient to strike him dumb for ever on the subject, and he had not taken many lounges among the beauties of Capel-street, and the Phoenix-park, when he appeared to have lost all recollection of his boyish attachment. Kyrle Daly had penetration enough to be aware that he could not with certainty calculate on a character at once so profound and so unsettled as that of his young friend, who had always, even in his mere boyhood, been unapproachable by his most intimate acquaintances; and whom he suspected to be capable of one day wielding a mightier influence in society than he seemed himself to hope or ambition. But Hardress was no hypocrite. That was a sufficient security, that if there were a rival in the case, he was not the man, and if Kyrle needed a more positive argument, it might be



found in the fact of a new attachment, which had of late been intimated to him by his young friend himself.

The love which Kyrle entertained for this lady was so sincere, so rational, and regulated by so fine a principle of judgment, that the warmest, the wisest, and the best of men might condescend to take an interest in its success. Naturally gifted with the gentlest qualities of heart, and educated by a mother, who taught him the use of that mind by which they were to be directed, it would not be easy to discover a more estimable character among the circles in which he moved. He was the more fortunate, too, that his goodness was the result of natural feeling rather than of principle alone; for it is a strange and a pitiable peculiarity in our nature that if a man by mere strength of reason and perseverance have made himself master of all the social virtues, he shall not be as much loved in the world as another who has inherited

them from nature; although in the latter instance they may be obscured by many hideous vices. It may appear presumptuous to hazard an opinion upon a subject of so much gravity, but perhaps the reader will not charge us with having caught the paradoxical air of the day, if we venture to intimate, that the true source of the preference may be referred to the common principle of self-preservation. A character that is naturally, and by necessity, generous, may be calculated upon with more certainty, than that which is formed by education only, as long as men's opinions shall be found more variable than their feelings. Otherwise why should we bestow more affection on that character which is really the less admirable of the two? But the reader may receive or reject this conjecture as he pleases; we proceed with our history.

For this, or for some better reason, it was, that Kyrle Daly, though highly popular among

his inferiors and dependants, had only a second place in their affection, compared with his friend Hardress. A generosity utterly reckless and unreasoning is a quality that in all seasons has wrought most powerfully upon the inclinations of the Irish peasantry, who are, themselves, more distinguished for quick and kindly feeling than for a just perception of moral excellence. Because, therefore, the flow of generosity in Hardress Cregan was never checked or governed by motives of prudence or of justice, while good sense and reason regulated that of Kyrle Daly, the estimation in which they were held was proportionably unequal. The latter was spoken of amongst the people as "a good master;" but Hardress was their darling. His unbounded profusion made them entertain for him that natural tenderness which we are apt to feel towards any object that seems to require protection. "His heart" they observed, "was in the right place." "It

would be well for him if he had some of Master Kyrle's sense, poor fellow." "Master Kyrle would buy and sell him at any fair in Munster."

It was only therefore amongst those who were thoroughly intimate with his character, that Kyrle Daly was fully understood and appreciated ; and it is not saying a little in his praise, to remark that his warmest admirers, as well as his best lovers, were to be found within the circle of his own family.

It is impossible that such a mind as we have described, could give a tranquil entertainment to any serious passion. Few could suppose, from the general gaiety and cheerfulness of his demeanour, and the governed and rational turn of his discourse, that he held a heart so acutely susceptible of passion, and so obnoxious to disappointment. It is true that in the present instance he was in some degree guarded by his own doubts and fears against the latter contin-

gency, but he had also cherished hope sufficient to insure him, in case of rejection, a grievous load of misery. He had weighed well the lady's worth before he fixed his affections upon her, and when he did so, every faculty of his mind, and feeling of his heart, subscribed to the conviction, that with her, and her alone, he could be earthly happy.

The sun had past the meridian before Kyrle Daly again beheld the small and wooded peninsula, which formed the site of Castle Chute. The languor of heart that always accompanies the passion in its hours of comparative inaction, that luxurious feeling of mingled pensiveness and joy, which fills up the breast, and constitutes in itself an elysium even to the doubting lover, were aided in their influence by the sunny calmness of the day, and the beauty of the landscape which every step unfolded to his view. The fever of suspense became more tormenting in proportion as he drew nearer to the solution of

his doubts, and the last few miles of his journey seemed incomparably the most tedious. His horse, however, who was not in love, and had not broken fast since morning, began, at sight of a familiar baiting place, to show symptoms of inanition, to remedy which, his considerate master drew up, and alighted at the inn-door.

## CHAPTER VII.

HOW KYRLE DALY DISCOVERS THAT ALL THE  
SORROW UNDER THE SUN DOES NOT REST  
UPON HIS SHOULDERS ALONE.

HE left Lowry Looby standing by the trough to see justice done to the dumb creature, while he strolled onwards in the sunshine, unwilling to disturb the current of his own thoughts by any conversation with the people of the Inn.

The owner of this place of "Entertainment," also filled the dignified post of pound keeper to the neighbouring village, and his roofless Bastile was situated at no great distance farther on the road side. As Kyrle walked

by the iron gate he was surprised to see it crowded by a number of Kerry ponies, such as may be discerned along the mountain sides from the Upper lake of Killarney. They were of various colours — bright bay, dun, and cream ; but the shagginess of their coats, and the diminutiveness of their size, rendered them but a little more respectable in appearance than the same number of donkeys. Several of these half-starved creatures had their heads thrust out over the low pound wall, as if to solicit the interference of passengers, while others, resigned to their fate, stood in drooping postures in the centre of the enclosure, quite chop-fallen. Kyrie Daly's curiosity was sufficiently excited to induce him to turn once more upon his path, and make some enquiry at the Inn concerning the owner of the herd.

He found the landlord at the door, a small withered old man, with an air of mingled moroseness and good nature in his countenance ;



the former the effect of his office—the latter of his natural disposition. He was standing on a three foot stool, and occupied in taking down a sign-board, for the purpose of transmitting it to a scene of rural festivity which was going forward in the neighbourhood.

He suspended his labours, and was about to enter into an ample exposition of the history of the ponies, when his wife, a blooming middle-aged woman, in a tête and glossy green petticoat, came to the door, and looked out to know what made the hammering cease. The glance of her eye was enough for the innkeeper, who re-commenced his work with fresh diligence, while his watchful helpmate undertook to satisfy the curiosity of our traveller.

The ponies, she told him, were the property of a mountaineer, from Killarney, who was making a “tower” of the country, to try and sell them at the fairs and patterns. He had come to their neighbourhood last night, and

turned his ponies out on the commons; but finding that it furnished only short commons for them, the poor things had made their way into the improvements of Castle Chute, and were apprehended by Mr. Dan Dawley in the act of trespass. That inexorable functionary had issued an order for their immediate committal to pound; and Myles Murphy, the owner, was now gone off to make interest with Miss Anne, "the young mistress," for their release.

"He'll be a lucky boy," she continued, "if he overtakes her at home this way—for herself an' a deal o'quality are to be at the sands below, to see the races and doings there."

"Races?" repeated Kyrle. "I never heard of races in this quarter."

"Oyeh, what races?" exclaimed her husband. "A parcel of ould *staggeens*, sir, that's running for a saddle, that's all the races they'll have."

"So itself, what hurt?" retorted the wife—

“The whole European world will be there to look at 'em; an' I'll be bound they'll drink as hearty as if Jerry Sneak an' Sappho were on the *coorse*. An' 'tis there *you* ought to be an hour ago in your tent, instead of *crusheening* here about Myles Murphy an' his ponies.”

“Myles Murphy! Myles-na-coppuleen?—Myles of the ponies, is it?” said Lowry Looby, who just then led Kyrle Daly's horse to the door. “Is he in these parts now?”

“Do you know Myles, *eroo*?” was the truly Irish reply.

“Know Myles-na-coppuleen? Wisha, an' 'tis I that do, an' that well! O murther, an' are them poor Myles's ponies I see in the pound over? Poor boy! I declare it I'm sorry for his trouble.”

“If you be as you say,” the old innkeeper muttered with a distrustful smile, “put a hand in your pocket an' give me four and eightpence, an' you may take the fourteen of em' after him.”

“Why then, see! I’m blest, if I had it, but I would’nt break your word, this day. Or more than that, if it was in my power for poor Myles. There is’nt a better son nor brother this moment, going the road, than what he is.”

“It’s true for you by all accounts,” said the pound-keeper, as he counted over Kyrle Daly’s change, “but people must do their duty for all.”

“Surely, surely,” said Lowry, turning off.

Mrs. Normile, the hostess, here made her reappearance at the door, with a foaming pot of Fermoy ale in her hand, to which she directed Lowry’s attention.

“A’ then, what’s that you’re doing?” he said with a look of rough remonstrance, while he fixed nevertheless a steady and wistful eye upon the draught.

“Drink it off, I tell you.”

“Sorrow, a drop.”

“You must, again.”

“I wont, I tell you.”

“Do you refuse my *hansel*,\* an’ I going to the races? Be said by me, I tell you. The day is *drouthy*.”

Lowry offered no farther objection, but made his own of the ale, observing as he returned the vessel, with closed and watery eyes, that it was “murtheren’ sthrong.” The colloquy above detailed was carried on with so much roughness of accent, and violence of gesture, that a person at a little distance might have supposed the parties were on the eve of coming to blows in an actual quarrel. But it was all politeness.

Kyrle Daly obtained from his attendant as they proceeded on their way, an account of the individual in whom he had expressed so deep an interest. Myles Murphy, or, as he was more generally called, Myles of the Ponies, was the occupier of a tract of land on one of the Killarney mountains, comprising about seven hundred

\* It is considered not lucky to refuse a hansel.

acres. For this extensive holding, he paid a rent of fifteen pounds sterling in the year, and if there were a market for grey limestone in the neighbourhood, Myles would be one of the wealthiest men in Kerry. But, as the architectural taste of the vicinity ran chiefly in favour of mud, his property in mineral was left, as an heir-loom, upon his hands. Of the whole seven hundred acres, there was no more under tillage than sufficed to furnish potatoes for the consumption of his own family. The vast remainder was stocked with numerous herds of wild ponies, who found scanty pasturage between the fissures of the crags, and yet were multiplied to such a degree, that Myles could not estimate the amount of his own stud.

“His own goodness, it was,” continued Lowry, “that got that for him. He was left, poor fellow, after his father dying of *the sickness*,\* with a houseful o’ childer; fourteen

\* Typhus fever.

sons and two daughters, besides himself, to provide for, an' his old mother. He supported 'em all be the labour of his two hands, till Lord K—— hear talks of him of a day, an' gave him a lease o' that farm, an' behaved a good landlord to him since. Still an' all, Myles do be poor, for he never knew how to keep a houl't o' the money. He provided for all his brothers; had one *priested*, and another bound to a brogue-maker, and another settled as a school-master in the place, and more listed from him, an' two went to *say*, an' I don't know what he done with the rest, but they're all very well off; and left poor Myles with an empty pocket in the latter end."

Lowry went on to inform our traveller that this said Myles was a giant in stature, measuring six feet four inches "in his vamps"—that he never yet met "that man that could give him a stroke, and he having a stick in his hand"—that he was a clean made boy as

ever "walked the ground," and such a master of his weapon that himself and Luke Kennedy, the Killarney boatman, used to be two hours "oppozit" one another, without a single blow being received on either side. On one occasion, indeed, he was fortunate enough to "get a vacancy at Kennedy" of which he made so forcible a use, that the stick, which was in the hand of the latter, flew over Ross Castle into the lower lake, merely from a successful tip in the elbow.

"But," Lowry added, "there's a change come in poor Myles of late. It was his *loock* to meet Eily O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, of a day, an' he selling his ponies, an' 'tis a new story with him, since. He's mad, sir, mad in love. He is'nt good for anything. He says she gave him powders one day in an apple at Owen's garden where they had a *benefit*, but I would'nt give in to such a story as that, at all ; — for Eily



is as delicate and tender in herself as a lady."

They were interrupted at this juncture by a startling incident. A mounted countryman galloped up to them, drest in a complete suit of frieze made from the undyed wool of black sheep, such as formed the texture of the *phalang* in the days of Gerald Barry. His face was pale and moist, and grimed with dust. A smooth yellow wig was pushed awry upon his temples, disclosing a mass of grey hair that was damp and matted with the effects of violent exercise. He looked alternately at both travellers with an expression of mingled wildness and grief in his countenance; and again clapping spurs to his horse, rode off and disappeared at a short turn in the road.

"I'm blest but that flogs Europe!" exclaimed Lowry Looby, in a tone of utter surprise and concern—"There's something great happened, surely."

“Who is he Lowry? I think I ought to know his face?”

“Mihail O'Connor, sir, father to the girl we were just talking of. He looks to be in trouble. Easy! Here's little Foxg Dunat, the hair-cutter, trotten' after him, an' he'll tell us.”

The person whom he named, a small red haired man, rode up at the same moment, appearing to keep his seat on horseback with much difficulty. The animal he rode, though lean and bony, was of a great size, and presented a circumference much too extensive to be embraced by the short legs of the hair-cutter. His feet, for the greater security, were stuck fast between the stirrup leathers, while the empty irons remained dangling underneath. For the purpose of making assurance doubly sure, he had grasped fast with one hand the lofty pommel of the saddle, while the other was entwined in the long and undressed mane.

“Pru-h! Pruh! Stop her, Lowry, *eroo*! Stop her, an’ heavens bless you. I’m fairly flay’d alive from her, that’s what I am,—joul-ten’, joulten’ for the bare life. Your sarvant, Mr. Daly,—I’m not worth looken at. See my wig,” he pulled one out of his pocket, and held it up to view. “I was obleeged to to take it off an’ put it in my pocket, it was from the shaking I got. I never was before but once at Molly Mac’s funeral, an’ I never’ll be a horseback again till I’m going to my own. O murder! murder! I have a pain in the small o’ my back that would kill the Danes. Well, Mr. Daly, I hope the master liked his new wig?—I kep it a long time from him, surely. I never’ll be the betther o’ this day’s riden’. Did you see Mihil-na-thiadarucha\* go by this way? I’m kilt and spoiled, that’s what I am.”

\* Michael of the Ropes. This practice of naming individuals from their professions, (in which the great pro-

"I did see him," said Lowry, "what's the matter with him?"

"Eily, his daughter, is gone from him, or spirited away."

"~~Eily~~, you don't tell me so?"

"She is, I tell you, an' he's like a wild man about it. Here ~~he's~~ back himself."

O'Connor again appeared at the turn of the road and galloped roughly back group. He looked ferociously at pointing his stick into his face, while trembled with rage, he roared out, "Tell me, did you see her, this minute, or I'll thrust my stick down your throat! Tell me, do you know any thing of her, I advise you."

"I don't!" said Lowry with equal fierce-

position of surnames are said to have originated,) is quite general among the Irish peasantry. So far is the humour sometimes carried, that a poor widow in our own village has been nicknamed *Fauria n' thau Llannu*, i. e. *Mary of the two children*.

ness.—Then, as if ashamed of resenting a speech uttered by the poor old man, under so terrible an occasion of excitement, he changed his tone, and repeated, more gently, “I don’t, Mihil, an’ I don’t know what cause I ever gave you to speak to me in that strain.”

The old rope-maker dropped the bridle, his clasped hands fell on the pommel of the saddle, ~~and~~ bowed his head, while he seemed to

ance—“Lowry,” he said, “heavens  
ou, an’ tell me, do you know—or could  
you put me in a way of hearing any thing of  
her?”

“Of who, aye?”

“Eily, my daughter! Oh, Lowry, a’ra gal,  
my daughter! My poor girl!”

“What of her, Mihil?”

“What of her?—Gone! lost! Gone from  
her old father, an’ no account of her—”

“Erra, no?”

“Yes, I tell you!” He threw a ghastly

look around—"She is stolen, or she strayed. If she is stolen, may the Almighty forgive them that took her from me, an' if she strayed of her own liking, may my curse—"

"Howl! howl!\* I tell you man," cried Lowry, in a loud voice, "don't curse your daughter without knowing what you do. Don't I know her, do you think? And don't I know that she would'nt be the girl you say aprondal of goold?"

"You're a good boy, Lowry; you're a good boy," said the old man wringing his hand, "but she's gone. I had none but her, an' they took her from me. Her mother is dead these three years, an' all her brothers and sisters died young, an' I reared her like a lady, an' this is the way she left me now. Bat what hurt? Let her go."

"The M'Mahons were at the fair of Garry-

\* Howl!

owen yesterday," said Lowry musing. "I wonder could it be them at all. I tell you, there are bad boys among them. There was one of 'em hanged for spiriting away a girl o' the Hayes's before."

"If I thought it was one o' them," O'Connor exclaimed, stretching his arm to its full length, and shaking his clenched hand with great passion, "and if I knew the one that robbed me, I'd find him out, if he was as cunning as a rabbit, an' I'd tear him between my two hands if he was as strong as a horse. They think to play their game on me because my hair is grey. But I can match the villains yet. If steel, or fire, or pikes, or powder, can match 'em, I'll do it. Let go my horse's bridle, an' don't be holding me here when I should be flying like the wind behind 'em."

Here he caught the eye of Kyrle Daly, as the latter asked him whether he "had not laid informations before a Magistrate?"

Instead of answering, the old man who now recognised Daly for the first time, took off his hat with a smile in which grief and anger were mingled with native courtesy, and said, "Mr. Daly, *astore*,\* I ask your pardon for not knowing you; I meant no offence to you, or to your father's son. I could'nt do it. How are you, sir? How is the mather an' the mistress? The Lord direct 'em, an' spare 'em their children!"—Here the old man's eyes grew watery, and the words were broken in his throat, "Lay informations?" he continued, taking up Kyrle Daly's question. "No—no, sir. My *back*† is'nt so poor in the country that I need to do so mean a thing as that."

"And what other course would you take to obtain justice?"

"I'll tell you the justice I'd want," said O'Connor, griping his stick hard, and knitting

\* My dear.

† Faction.



his brows together, while the very beard bristled upon his chin for anger. "To plant him overright me in the heart o' Garryowen fair, or where else he'd like, an' give him a stick, and let me pick justice out of his four bones!" Here he indulged himself with one rapid flourish of the blackthorn stick above his head, which considerably endangered that of the young gentleman to whom he addressed himself.

At the same moment a neighbour of O'Connor's galloped up to them and exclaimed—"Well, Mihil, agra, any tidings of her yet?"

"Sorrow tale or tiding."

"An' is it here you're stoppen' talken', an' them villains spiriting your daughter away through the country. Wisha, but you're a droll man, this day."

Not Hamlet, in that exquisitely natural burst of passion over the tomb of "the fair Ophelia"—where he becomes incensed against the

affectionate Laertes for "the bravery of his grief," and treats it as an infringement on his own prerogative of sorrow—not Hamlet, the Dane, in that moment of "towering passion," could throw more loftiness of rebuke into his glance, than did Mihil O'Connor, as he gazed upon the daring clansman who had thus presumed to call his fatherly affections to account. More temperate, however, than the Danish Prince, he did not let his anger loose, but compressed his teeth, and puffed it forth between them. Touching his hat to Kyrle, and bidding Lowry "stand his friend," he put spurs to his horse, and rode forwards, followed by his friend, while Lowry laid his hand on the hair-cutter's arm, and asked him for an account of the particulars.

"Sonuher\* to me if I know the half of it," said the foe of unshaven chins, speaking in

\* A good wife.

a shrill, professional accent; "but I was standing in my little place, above, shaving a boy o' the Downes's against the *benefit* at Batt Coonerty's, an' being delayed a good while, (for the Downes's have all very strong hair,—I'd as lieve be shaving a horse as one of 'em,) I was sthrappen' my razhor, (for the twentieth turn,) an' looken' out into the fair, when who should I see going by only Eily O'Connor, an' she dressed in a blue mantle, with the hood over her head, an' her hair curling down about her neck like strings of goold. (Oh, the beauty o' that girl!) Well, "Its a late walk you're taking, Eily," says I. She made me no answer, only passed on, an' I thought no more about it till this morning, when her father walked in to me. I thought, at first, 'tis to be shaved he was coming, for, dear knows, he wanted it, when all at once he opened upon me in regard of his daughter. Poor girl, I'm sure sorrow call had I to her goen' or stayen' more than I

had to curl the Princess Royal's front—a job that'll never trouble me, I'm thinking."

"Wisha, but its a droll business," ejaculated Lowry, letting go the stirrup-leather, which he had held fast during the foregoing narrative. "Ride on after him, Dunat, or you won't catch him before night. Oh, Vo! Vo! Eily astora! O, wirra, Eily! this is the black day to your ould father."

"An' the black an' blue day to me, I'm sure," squeaked out the hair-cutter, trotting forwards and groaning aloud at every motion, as he was now thrown on the pummel, now on the hind-bow of the saddle; those grievances telling the more severely as he was a lean little man, and but scantily furnished by nature with that material which is best able to resist concussion.

The misfortune of the poor rope-maker indisposed Lowry, (who had once been a respectful and distant admirer of the lovely Eily,)

from proceeding with the conversation, and his young master had ample leisure for the indulgence of his own luxurious reveries until they reached the entrance to the fair demesne of Castle Chute.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE READER, CONTRARY TO THE DECLARED INTENTION OF THE HISTORIAN, OBTAINS A DESCRIPTION OF CASTLE CHUTE.

AN old portress, talking Irish, with a huge bunch of keys at her girdle, a rusty gate lock, piers, lofty, and surmounted by a pair of broken marble vases, while their shafts, far from exhibiting that appearance of solidity so much admired in the relics of Grecian architecture, were adorned in all their fissures by tufts of long grass; an avenue ~~with~~ rows of elms forming a vista to the river; a sudden turn revealing a broad and sunny lawn: hay cocks, mowers

at work—a winding gravel walk lost in a grove—the house appearing above the trees—the narrow paned windows glittering amongst the boughs—the old ivy'd castle, contrasted in so singular a manner with the more modern addition to the building—the daws cawing about the chimnies—the stately herons settling on the castellated turrets, or winging their majestic way through the peaceful kingdom of the winds—the screaming of a peacock in the recesses of the wood—a green hill appearing sunny-bright against a clouded horizon—the heavy Norman arch-way—the shattered sculpture—the close and fragrant shrubbery—the noisy farm-yard and out-offices—(built, as was then the fashion, quite near the dwelling house)—the bowering monthly rose, embracing the simple pediment over the hall door—the ponderous knocker—the lofty gable—the pieces of broken sculpture and tender foliage, that presented to the mind the images of youth

and age, of ruined grandeur and of rising beauty, blended and wreathed together under the most pleasing form.

Such were the principal features of the scenery through which Kyrle Daly passed into the dwelling of his beloved. The necessities of our narrative forbid us to dwell at a more ample length on the mere description of a landscape.

To his surprise, and in some degree to his disappointment, he found the castle more crowded with company than he had expected. He was admitted by a richly ornamented Gothic arch-way, while Lowry remained walking his horse under the shade of the trees. A handsome, though rather ill-used curicle, which appeared to have been lately driven, was drawn up on the gravel plat; and a servant in tarnished livery was employed in cooling two horses on the slope which shelved downward to the river side.—The foam that flecked their



shining necks and covered the curbs and branches, showed that they had been ridden a considerable distance, and by no sparing masters.

“ Oh, murther, Masther Kyrle, is this you ? ” exclaimed Falvey, the “ servant boy,” as he looked into the narrow hall and recognized the young “ collegian.” “ *Ma grine chree hu !* it’s an opening to the heart to see you ! ”

“ Thank you, Pat. Are the ladies at home ? ”

“ They are, sir. O murther, murther ! are you come at last, sir ? ”—he repeated with an air of smiling wonder ; then suddenly changing his manner, and nodding with great freedom and cunning, “ Oh, the ladies ?—they are at home, sir—*both* of ’em.”

“ And well ? ”

“ And well. I give praise—*both* of ’em well. Where is the horse, sir ? ”

“ Lowry is walking ~~him~~ near the shrubbery.”

“ An’ is Lowry come too? Oh, murther, murther!” He ran to the door and looked out, nodded and raised his hand in courtesy, and then hastened back to Kyrle—“ Gi’ me the hat, sir, an I’ll hang it up—poof, its full o’ dust—Come in here, Masther Kyrle, an’ I’ll give you a touch before you go up stairs—there’s a power o’ quollity in the drawen’ room—an’——” here he again cast down his head with a knowing smile—“ there’s reasons for doin’s—the ladies must be plaised, surely. An’ how is Mr. Daly an’ herself an’ all of ’em, sir? Oh, murther, murther!”

“ They are all well, Pat, thank you.”

“ The Lord keep ’em so!—There’s a sighth above stairs in the new house. . Mr. Cregan of Roaring Hall—(ah, that’s a *rare* sporting jettleman)—an’ Mr. Creagh an’ Pincher, an’ Doctor Lake, an’ the officer, westwards;” then with another familiar wink—“ there’s the drollest cratur in life in the servants’ hall abroad, the officer’s sar-

*vent-boy*, a Londoner, afeerd o' the world that he'll have his throat cut be the Whiteboys before he quits the country. Poor cratur ! he makes me laugh, the way he talks of Ireland, as if he was a marked man among us—the little sprissawneen, that nobody ever would trouble their heads about—Coming !”—a bell rung —“ That's for the luncheon—I must smarten myself, or Miss Anne will kill me. They're all going off, after they take something, to the races near the point below, where they're to have the greatest divarsion ever you hear—An' so the master is well, eastwards ? Why, then I'm glad to hear it—that's a good jettleman as ever sat down to his own table”—the bell rang again—“ O murther ! there's the bell again—I'll be kilt entirely !—There now, Master Kyrle, you're purty well, I think—They're all up stairs in the drawen' room in the new house. I need'nt tell you the way. Syl Carney will open the doore for you, an' I'll wait aisy

a minute, for it would'nt look seemly for me to be taking in the thray an' things close behind you."

While this communicative retainer slipped away, napkin in hand, to the pantry, Kyrle Daly ascended a corkscrew flight of narrow stone steps, at the head of which he was met by the blooming handmaiden above named. Here he had as many "Masther Kyrle's" and pretty smiles, and officious, though kindly meant, attentions to undergo, as in the narrow hall. These he repaid in the usual manner, by complimenting Syl on her good looks—wondering she had not got married—and reminding her that Shrovetide would be shortly coming round again;—in return for which the pretty Syl repeatedly told him that he was "a funny gentleman" and "a great play-boy."

They passed through an old banquetting room which had once formed the scene of a council of the Munster chieftains, in the

days of Elizabeth; and descending a flight of a few wooden steps, stood in the centre of a lobby of much more modern architecture. Here Kyrle Daly felt his heart beat a little wildly as he heard voices and laughter in the adjoining room. Modestly conscious, however, of his graceful person, and aware of the importance of displaying it to some advantage in the eyes of his mistress, he adjusted his ruffles, and with something like the feeling of a young debutant, conscious of merit, yet afraid of censure, made his entrance on the little domestic scene.

The company all rose and received him with that pompous display of affability and attention which our fathers mistook for politeness, but which their wiser descendants have discovered to be the exact contrary, and have discarded from the drawing room, as unbecoming the ease and sincerity of social life. Mrs. Chute was unable to rise, but her greeting was at once

cordial and dignified. Anne gave him her hand with the air of an affectionate relative; Mr. Hyland Creagh placed his heels together—adjusted his ample shirt frills, and bowed until the queue of his powdered wig culminated to the zenith—while Pincher wagged his tail, looked up at his master as if to enquire the nature of his movements, and finally coiled himself up on the carpet and slept; Mr. Barnaby Cregan griped his hand until the bones cracked—expressing, in very concise language, a wish that his soul might be doomed to everlasting misery in the next world if he were not rejoiced to meet him; Doctor Leake tendered him a finger, which Kyrle grasped hard, and (in revenge perhaps for the punishment inflicted on him by Cregan) shook with so lively an expression of regard, that the worthy physician was tempted to repent his condescension. To the young officer, an Englishman, Kyrle was introduced by the formal course of——“ Captain

Gibson, Mr. Daly——Mr. Daly, Gaptain Gibson”——on which they bowed as coldly and stiffly as the figures in a clockmaker’s window in Holborn, and all resumed their places.

After the usual enquiries into the condition of both families had been made and answered, Kyrle Daly indulged himself in a brief perusal of the personal appearance of the individuals in whose society he was placed. The information which he derived from the few glances that happened to fall wide of Miss Chute, shall here be laid before the reader.

Mrs. Chute, the venerable lady of the mansion, was seated in a richly carved arm-chair, near an ebony work-table, on which were placed a pair of silver spectacles and the last racing calendar. A gold-headed cane rested against her chair, and a small spaniel, in the attitude which heralds term *couchant*, lay at her side, burlesquing the lion of Britannia in the popular emblem. In her more youthful days, indeed,

Mrs. Chute might have assumed her part in the latter, without exciting any ludicrous association ; and even in this decay and mouldering of her womanly attractions, there was a grace, a dignity, a softened fire, and even a beauty to be traced, which awakened the spectator's respect and sometimes warmed it into admiration. Old age, while it took nothing away from her dignity, had imparted to her manner that air of feminine dependance, in which she was said to have been somewhat too deficient in her youth, and replaced in tenderness and interest the beauty which it had removed.

Her daughter, who bore a very perceptible resemblance to the old lady in the cast of her features, as well as in their expression, looked at this moment exceedingly beautiful. A dark blue riding dress displayed her figure to such advantage, that if a young sculptor could have taken it as a model for a study of Minerva, and could likewise afford a lobster and a bottle



of sherry to a critic in the "Fine Arts," there is little doubt that he would make his fortune. Her hair, which was shining black, cut short and curled so gracefully, that it might vie with the finest head in Mr. Hope's book of costumes, crept out from beneath her small round hat and shaded a countenance that glowed at this moment with a sweet and fascinating cheerfulness. The common herd of mankind frequently exhibit personal anomalies of so curious a description as to remind one of Quevedo's fanciful vision of the general resurrection, where one man in his hurry claps his neighbour's head upon his own shoulders, and the upper portion of a turtle-fed Alderman is borne along by the trampling shanks of a starveling Magazine poet. But nothing of this incongruity was observable in the charming person of the heiress of Castle Chute. Her countenance was exquisitely adapted both in form and character to the rest of her frame; and she

might be justly admired as a piece of workmanship not entrusted by Nature (as in a pin-manufactory) to the hands of nine journeymen, but wrought out and polished by that great Adept herself as a sample of womankind for the inspection of customers.

It was indeed remarked by those who enjoyed only a visiting acquaintance with Anne Chute, that her general manner was somewhat cold and distant, and that there was in the wintry lustre of her large black eyes, and the noble carriage of her fine person, a loftiness which repelled in the spectator's breast that enthusiasm which her beauty was calculated to awaken, and induced him to stop short at the feeling of simple admiration. Hardress Cregan, who, with all his shyness, had the reputation of a fine critic on these subjects, had been heard to say of her on his return from College, that "she was perfect. Her form and face were absolutely faultless, and a connoisseur might with a

better taste pretend to discover a fault in the proportions of the Temple of Theseus. But there," he added, "I must terminate the eulogy ; for I could no sooner think of loving such a piece of frost-work than of flinging my arms in ecstasy around one of the Doric pillars of the old edifice itself."

But Hardress Cregan had been only once, and for a few minutes, in the lady's company, when he pronounced this judgment. Neither was he an impartial observer, for the embarrassment which he experienced in consequence of her unconscious dignity, made him throw more asperity into his criticism than the occasion actually required. Those who enjoyed a longer and a nearer intimacy with Miss Chute, found an additional fascination in that very coldness which kept ordinary acquaintances at a distance, and which for them was so cheerfully and so winningly removed. In proportion to the awe which it inspired on a first introduction,

was the delight occasioned by its subsequent dissipation, and it gave to her whole character that effect of surprize, which is dangerous or available to the influence of the fair possessor, according as the changes which it reveals are attractive or otherwise. The feelings which accompanied a growing intimacy with this lovely girl resembled those of one who endeavours, by a feeble light, to discover the graces of a landscape which he knows to be beautiful, but which he is unable to appreciate, until the morning light streams in upon the picture, and brings it forth in all its exquisite reality before his eyes.

The remainder of the company are not so interesting as to claim an equal portion of the reader's notice. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, a stout top-booted elderly gentleman, with a nose that told tales of many a rousing night, was seated close to Mrs. Chute, and deeply engaged in a discussion upon cocks and cockrels, sparring,

setting, impounding, the long law, the short law, and every other law that had any connection with his reigning passion. The rosy and red-coated Captain Gibson, who was a person of talent and industry in his profession, was listening with much interest to Doctor Lucas Leake, who possessed some little antiquarian skill in Irish remains, and who was at this moment unfolding the difference which existed between the tactics of King Lugh-Lamh-Fada, and those issued from his late most gracious Majesty's War-Office; between one of King Mutechy's hobbilars and a life-guardian; between an English halberd and a stone-headed gai-bulg, and between his own commission of lieutenant and the Fear Comblan Caoguid of the Fion Eirin.

Mr. Hyland Creagh, who, as before mentioned, notwithstanding the perfect maturity of his years, still continued to affect the man of gallantry, was standing near Miss Chute, and

looking with a half-puzzled, half-smiling air over a drawing which she had placed in his hands. Now and then, as he beld the picture to the light, he looked askance, and with a forbidding expression, at Kyrle, who was carelessly sauntering towards the fair object of his attentions, and yet endeavouring to give his approximation rather the appearance of accident than of design. Mr. Creagh's experience in society had long since made him aware that youth was a quality which contributed materially to success with the ladies, and the consequence of this discovery was a hearty detestation—(a term more qualified would not express the feeling)—of every gentleman who was younger than himself. “Puppies!” he would exclaim, “they assume the air and port of men when they should be confined to bibs and frills, and bestride a blood-horse when their highest corvet should be made in the hall, on their grandfather's walking-cane.” But he had the mor-

tification to find that his sentiments on this head were adopted by no unmarried ladies except those whose wisdom and experience were equal to his own; and about *their* opinions, unhappily, Mr. Creagh was as indifferent as the young coxcombs whom he censured.

“I profess my ignorance,” he said, after contemplating the picture for several minutes. “The drawing is admirable—the colouring has a depth and softness of tone, that I have seen rarely produced by water colours, and the whole design bears the stamp of reality upon it; but I profess my ignorance of the place which you say it is intended to represent.”

“Indeed!” said Anne, affecting a disappointed tone, and pleased to put the old gentleman’s gallantry to the torture. “Then I must have made a sad failure, for the scene ought to be quite familiar to you.”

“I am the worst person in the world at tracing a resemblance,” said Mr. Creagh, looking

puzzled. "Perhaps, it is meant for Ballylin Point?"

"Oh, Mr. Creagh, can you find any resemblance? What a wretched bungler you must think me! You did well to say *meant for*—that expression indicates so exactly the degree of relation between my sketches and the originals."

"'Pon my honour, Miss Chute—'pon my honour, as a gentleman."

"Mr. Daly!"—Kyrle flew to her side.—  
"Perhaps you could restore me to my self-esteem. Do you know that Mr. Creagh has mistaken this for a sketch of Ballylin Point! Try if you can restore my credit, for it is sinking very fast, even in my own estimation."

"Ballylin point!" exclaimed Kyrle, taking the drawing into his hands—"I do not see the least resemblance." Mr. Creagh's eyes flashed fire, at this unceremonious declaration, but he checked his resentment, and congratulated Miss



Chute on this proof, that the fault lay in his want of observation, not in her want of skill.

“And do you recognize the scene?” continued Miss Chute, who was well aware of the old *servente’s* foible, and loved to toy with it for her amusement. “Let me hear if I have been indeed so very unsuccessful.”

Her lover delayed answering, not because he shared the difficulty of Mr. Creagh, but that he was wrapt in admiration of the drawing. It was an interesting landscape, and finished with more taste and fineness of touch than are usually to be traced in the efforts of accomplished young ladies. The foreground of the picture exhibited a grassy slope, which formed a kind of peninsula in a magnificent sheet of water, running a little to the left, and terminating at what artists term the middle distance in a gracefully wooded point. The remains of an old castle appeared among the trees, the gloom and majesty of which were exhibited in a striking degree, by a brilliant

effect of sunshine on the water and on the green slope above mentioned. Two small islands, affording an anchorage to some open boats, broke the expanse of water on the right; while the small bay, formed by the point before described, on the left, was graced by the figures of fishermen in the act of casting their nets. The waters were bounded in the distance, by a range of blue hills, some of which projected into rocky or wooded headlands; while the whole was softened by that deep and rich blue tint, which is peculiar to the moist atmosphere of the climate; and by imparting at once distinctness and softness to the landscape, is far better adapted to scenes of rural solitude, than even the lonely splendour of a Tuscan sun.

“Ballylin!” echoed Mr. Cregan, who had walked over to look at the drawing. “’Tis as like Ballylin, as Roaring Hall is to Dublin Castle. ’Tis Castle Chute, and right well touched off, too, by Jingo.” To this observation he

added, in language which the altered customs of society prevent our copying *verbatim*, that he wished the spiritual foe of the human race might lay hold of him, if it were not an admirable resemblance.

Mr. Creagh had his own reasons for not taking offence at any resentment that was urged by his good friend and frequent host, Mr. Cregan, but he did not forget the difference of opinion that was hazarded by his young acquaintance. To the fair artist's raillery, he replied with a bow and an air of old fashioned politeness, that "frequently as he had had the honour of visiting at Castle Chute, he was yet unfamiliar with the scenery, for his thoughts in approaching it were exclusively occupied by one object."

"And even though they were at liberty," added Kyrle, "it is more than probable Mr. Creagh has never seen Castle Chute at this point of view, so that it could hardly be ex-

pected to remain on his recollection." Then moving closer to Anne, and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he said—"This is the very scene of which I told you Hardress Cregan was so enthusiastic an admirer. You have drawn it since?"

Miss Chute answered in the affirmative, and turning quickly away, replaced the sketch in her portfolio. Then, turning to Creagh, she told him that he would be very shortly qualified to give an opinion as to the fidelity of her design, for they would pass the spot in question, on their way to the little race course. There was some farther conversation, not worth detailing, on the subject of Hardress Cregan's salute—and some conjectures were hazarded concerning the female in the blue cloak, none of which, however, threw any certain light upon that mystery.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW MYLES MURPHY IS HEARD ON BEHALF OF HIS PONIES.

PAT Falvey, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without, to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors, no way loth, were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet ; for the time had not yet gone by, when people

imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend or guest more effectually, than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress' ear, and whisper something with a face of much seriousness.

"A boy wanting to speak to me?" said Miss Chute. "Has he got letters?—Let him send up his message."

"He says he must see yourself, Miss. 'Tis in regard of some ponies of his that were impounded by Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He has'nt the mains of relasing 'em, poor cratur, an' he's far from home. I'm sure he's an honest boy. He says he'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregan if he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregan—"why what's the fellow's name?"

“ Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards.”

“ Oh, Myles-na-Coppulleen?—Poor fellow, is he in tribulation? We must have his ponies out by all means.”

“ It requires more courage than I can always command” said Miss Chute “to revoke any command of Dawley’s. He is an old man, and, whether that he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature, that I am quite afraid of him. ~~But I will hear this Myles at all~~ events.”

She was ~~moving to the door~~ when her uncle’s voice made her turn. “Stay, Anne,” said Mr. Cregan, “let him come up. ’Twill be as good as a play to hear him and the steward *pro* and *con*. Kyrle Daly, here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of

pleading that may be of use to you on Circuit at one time or another."

Anne laughed and looked to Mrs. Chute, who with a smile of tolerating condescension said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles, "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat, and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey with an air of great and perplexed importance went to summon Myles up stairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson, "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down



and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to shew you 'as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, some time when you're alone together—where the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."—

"Paralon," said Doctor Leake, Paralon of Migdonia, as the Psalter sings :

" On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,  
\* They brought their bold ships to anchor,  
In the blue fair port with beauteous shore,  
Of well defended Inver Sceine,"

" In the rest of Munster, where——"

" Yes — well, you'll see 'em all, as the Doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter to whose discourse, a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading, had given a tinge of pedantry ; and who was more-

over a firm believer in all the ancient Shanachus, from the yellow book of Moling, to the black book of Molaga. "And if you like to listen to him, he'll explain to you every action that ever befel, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carriguline."

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was, about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well paved brogues, on the small flight of stairs in the lobby, produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions, in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber. "A' lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think

did I ever speak to *quollity* in my life before ? ”

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His figure was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm, coming to solicit the *interest* of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, ~~healthful~~ cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention; of which his lofty and confident, although most unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay coloured cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully

greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Doctor Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the horse-guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well known countersign of "Baithershin !"

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind-legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

“Well,” he exclaimed, “that flogs cock-fighting. I never thought I’d live to have a dog taich me manners, any way. ‘*Baithershin!*’ says he. An’ he shets the doore like a christian!”

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer. After which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell word of the enchantress who had called him up.—“’Tis n’t manners to speak first before quollity,” was the answer he would have been prepared to render in case any one had enquired the motive of his conduct.

“Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?” said Mr. Barney Cregan.

“The ould wind always, then, Mr. Cregan,”

said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a *few* o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it is n't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father, (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary, your honour's aunt, westwards. So 'tis kind for your honour to have a leaning towards uz."

"A clear case, Myles;—but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why then a deal. Its a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure I'd know that face all over the world,—your own liven' image, ma'am, (turning to Mrs. Chute,) an' a little, dawney touch o' the masther (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin you'd think. My

grandmother an' himself wor third cousins.  
Oh, vo ! vo ! \*

"He has made out three relations in the company already," said Anne, to Kyrle, "could any courtier make interest more skilfully ?"

"Well, Myles, about the ponies."

"Poor craturs, true for you sir. There's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn 'em, for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the *jewel* with young M'Farlane from the North. They went skelping like mad, over the hills, down to Glena, when they heerd the shots. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you *cowed* the North Countryman that morning fairly. 'My honour is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh. 'Its what I never

\* Equivalent to the French *Helas !* the Italian *Oime !* and the Spanish *Ay de mi ! &c.*

done to any man,' says he, 'an' it 'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honour is satisfied any way,' says the other, when he heerd the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense, man,' said Creagh, endeavouring to hide a smile of gratified vanity, "your unfortunate ponies will starve, while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute.

"Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There's Doctor Leake was on the spot the same time, an' he knows if I invent. An' you did a good job too that time, Docthor," he continued, turning to the latter, "Old Keys, the piper, gives it up to you of all the docthors going, for curing his eye-sighth. And he has a great leaning to you, moreover, your such a fine *Irishian*." \*

\* One skilled in the Irish antiquities, language, &c



"Another," said Miss Chute, apart.

"Yourself, an' ould Mr. Daly;" he continued, "I hope the master is well in his health, sir? (turning to Kyrle with another profound *congè*) may the Lord fasten the life in you an' him! That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper, or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done *unknownst*."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle. "A perfect Ulysses."

"And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?"

"The Captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty, and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a *feeling* for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America. One of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or *another*, for behavin' well at

Quaybec, the time of Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, enclosures, and field-gates, setting forth with equal emphasis, the length of road they had travelled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out ; and finally urging in mitigation of penalty, the circumstance of this being a first offence, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward, Dan Dawley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss

Anne might "folly her liking" he said—but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his, if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen garden itself?

"*Horses*, do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance—"A parcel of little ponies not the heighth o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward—"they'd eat as much, an' more, than a racer."

"Is it they, the cratur's? They'd hardly injure a plate o' stirabout if it was put before 'em."

"Ayeh!—hugh!"

"An' tis'nt what I'd expect from you Mr. Dawley, to be going again, a relation o' your own in this manner."

"A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deigning to cast a glance back

over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

“ Yes, then, o’ yours.”

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

“ Will you deny it o’ me, if you can,” continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, “ that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an’ Larry Foley wor second cousins? Deny that o’ me, if you can!”

“ For what would I deny it?”

“ Well, why! An’ Larry Foley was uncle to my father’s first wife—(the angels spread her bed this night!) An’ I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they had’nt the Murphys to back ’em, so they would. But what hurt? Sure you can folly your own pleasure.”

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles

of the ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed in a few minutes after on the avenue talking with much earnestness and apparent agitation to Lowry Looby. Kyrle Daly, who remembered the story of the mountaineer's misfortune at Owen's garden, concluded that Lowry was making him aware of the abduction of the beautiful Eily, and felt a pang of sympathetic affliction for the poor fellow, in which, probably, no one else in the room would have participated ; at least, not altogether so deeply.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW KYRLE DALY SPED IN HIS WOOING.

THE sun was in the west when the party arrived at the bridle road that turned off to the race ground. To Kyrle Daly's great delight, Mr. Cregan had taken his horse, resigning to him the agreeable office of driving Anne Chute in the curricie, while he rode forward with the gentlemen. Seldom indeed, I believe, did the wheels of that vehicle enter so many ruts, or come in contact with so many obstacles as in this short drive, a circumstance rather to be

attributed to the perplexity of the driver's mind, than to any deficiency of skill or practice in his hand.

None of the company knew, or indeed cared to be informed, what the nature was of the conversation which had passed between Miss Chute and her young escort, on the road. They observed, however, when the curricie drew up, that Kyrle looked pale and flurried, and that his manner was absent; while that of his fair companion was marked by an unusual degree of seriousness, not unmingled with confusion.

“What!” exclaimed Cregan, “you look as ruffled as if you had been sparring. Get your hutts in order, then, for you must be set again before you come to the ground. You have a quarter of a mile through the fields to travel yet.”

“Why, uncle, does not the road sweep by it?”

“No nearer than I tell you; and the curricie

can go no farther. Come, Creagh, give my niece her little hunter, and walk with me across the fields. Mr. Daly, I resign your seat to you once more. A pretty stepping thing this is of yours. I'd like to see her tried with ten or twelve stone weight at a steeple chase."

"Do not," said Kyrle, in a low and earnest tone, addressing Anne Chute, "do not I entreat of you, deprive me of this last opportunity. I would give the world for a minute's conversation."

"I believe I shall walk, uncle," said the young lady with some hesitation, "and Mr. Daly is kind enough to say he will accompany me on foot."

"With all my heart," cried the cock-fighter. "I remember the time, Daly, when I would not have given up a walk through the fields with a fine girl on a sunshiny evening, for all the races in Munster. If Hepton Connolly be on the ground, as his insolent groom tells me he is, I



will make him keep the *staggeens* at the starting post until you come up."

So saying, he rode on with the *ci-devant* sweater, to overtake the doctor and captain, who he observed, had grown as *thick* as two pick pockets, since morning.

"I am afraid," said Kyrle, with a mixture of dignity and dissatisfaction in his manner, "I am afraid, Miss Chute, that you will think this importunate, after what you have already told me. But that rejection was so sudden—I will not say so unexpected—that I cannot avoid entering more at length into the subject. Besides, it may, it *must* be a long time before we shall meet again."

"I am sorry you should think that necessary, Mr. Daly," said Anne, "I always liked you as a friend, and there is not a person I know whose society, in that light, I could prize more highly; but if you think it necessary to your own peace of mind, to remain away from us, it would be very

unreasonable in me to murmur. Yet, I think, and hope," she added, affecting a smiling air as she looked round upon him, "that it will not be long before we shall see you again with altered sentiments, and a mind as much at ease as ever."

"You do me wrong, Anne!" said Kyrle, with sudden passion. "I am not so ignorant of my own character as to suppose that possible. No, Miss Chute. This is not with me a boyish fancy — a predilection suddenly formed, and capable of being just as suddenly laid aside. If you had said this last summer, a few weeks after I first saw you, the remark perhaps might have been made with justice. I knew little of you then, besides your beauty, your talents, and your accomplishments; and I will say, in justice to myself, that those qualities, in any woman, never could so deeply fix or interest me as to produce any lasting disquiet in my mind. But our acquaintance has been since too much

prolonged. I have seen you too often—I have known you too well—I have loved you too deeply, and too sincerely, to feel this disappointment as any thing less than a dreadful stroke. Let me entreat of you,” he continued with increasing warmth, and disregarding the efforts which Miss Chute made to interrupt him, “let me implore you to recal that hasty negative. You said you were unprepared—that you did not expect such a proposal from me. I do not press you to an answer at this moment; the torture of suspense itself is preferable to absolute despair. Say you will think of it, say any thing rather than at once decide on my—destruction, I cannot but call it.”

“I must not, I will not act with so much injustice,” said Anne, who was considerably distressed by the depth of feeling that was evident in her lover’s voice and manner. “I should be treating you most unfairly, Mr. Daly, if I did so. It is true that I did not expect

such a declaration as you have made, not in the least ; but my decision is taken notwithstanding. It is impossible I can ever give you any other answer than you have already received. Do not, I will entreat of you in my turn, give way to any groundless expectations, any idea of a change in my sentiments on this subject. It is as impossible we should ever be united as if we lived in two separate planets."

The unhappy suitor looked the very image of pale and ghastly despair itself. His eye wandered, his cheek grew wan, and every muscle in his face quivered with passion. His words, for several moments, were so broken as to approach a degree of incoherency, and his knees trembled with a sickly faintness. He continued, nevertheless, to urge his addresses. Might he not be favoured with Miss Chute's reasons? Was there any thing in his own conduct? Any thing that might be altered? The dejection

that was in his accents as well as in his appearance, touched and almost terrified his obdurate mistress, and she took some pains to alleviate his extreme despondency, without, however, affording the slightest ground for a hope which she felt could never be accomplished. The consolations which she employed, were drawn rather from the probability of a change in his sentiments than her own.

“ You are not in a condition,” she said, “ to judge of the state of your own mind. Believe me, this depression will not continue as you seem to fear. The Almighty is too just to interweave any passion with our nature which it is not in the power of our reason to subdue.”

“ Aye, Anne,” said Kyrle, “ but there are some persons for whose happiness the struggle is quite sufficient. I am not so ignorant as you suppose of the effect of a disappointment like this. I know that it will not be at all

times as violent and oppressive as I feel it at this moment ; but I know, too, that it will be as lasting as life itself. I have often experienced a feeling of regret that amounted to actual pain, in looking back to years that have been distinguished by little beyond the customary enjoyments of boyhood. Imagine, then, if you can, whether I have not reason to apprehend the arrival of those hours when I shall sit alone in the evening, and think of the time that was spent in your society ! ”

Miss Chute heard this speech with a feeling of deep, and even sympathetic emotion. As Kyrle ventured to glance at her countenance, and observed the peculiar expression of her sorrow, the idea of a rival, which till that moment had not once occurred to him, now flashed upon his mind, and changed the current of his feelings to a new direction. The sentiment of jealousy was almost an useful

stimulus, in the excessive dejection under which he laboured.

“ Will you forgive me,” he said, “ and take the present state of my feelings as an apology, if there should be any thing offensive in the question I am about to ask you? There can be only one reason for my rejection which would save my pride the mortification of believing myself altogether unworthy. I should feel some consolation in knowing that my own misery was instrumental to your happiness; indeed, I should not think of breathing another word upon the subject, if I thought that your affections had been already engaged?”

The agitation seemed now to have passed over to the lady's side. Her brow became dark red, and then returned to more than its accustomed whiteness. “ I have no other engagement,” she said, after a pause—“ If I had, I should think it hardly fair to press such an enquiry. But, I assure you, I have none. And

since you have spoken of my own views in life, I will be more explicit, and confess to you, that I do not at present think it is likely I shall ever contract any. I love my mother; and her society is all that I desire or hope to enjoy at present. Let me now entreat you, as a friend, for my sake as well as your own, never again to renew any conversation on this subject."

This was said in a tone of such decision, that Kyrle saw it would be impossible, without hazarding the loss of the young lady's friendship, to add another word of remonstrance, or of argument. Both, therefore, continued their walk in silence, nor did they exchange even an indifferent observation until they reached the summit of the little slope from which the course was visible.

Their thoughts, however, were not subjected to the same restriction, and the train of reflection in either case was not calculated to awaken envy.



She received my question with embarrassment, thought Kyrle, and she evaded a reply. I have a rival, it is evident, and a favoured, at least, if not a declared one.—Well, if she is to be happy, I am content ; but unquestionably the most miserable contented man upon the earth.

The lady's meditations also turned upon the same crisis in the conversation. All that I desire ? she mentally repeated, quoting her own words to her rejected suitor. And have I so far conquered my own feelings as to be capable with perfect sincerity of making an assertion such as that ? Or, if it be sincere, am I sure that I run no risk of disqualifying myself for retaining the same liberty of mind by accepting my uncle's invitation ? But it is not possible, surely, that my peace should be endangered in the society of one who treats me with something more, and colder, than indifference itself ; and if it were, my part is already taken, and it

is now too late to retract. Poor Kyrle, he wastes his eloquence in exciting my commiseration for a state of mind with which I have been long and painfully conversant. If he knew how powerful a sympathy my own experience had awakened for him, he need not use an effort to encrease it.

A loud shout of welcome, sent forth in honour of the heiress of Castle Chute, and the lady patroness of the day's amusements, broke in upon these sombre meditations, and called the attention of that lady, and of her downcast escôrt, to a novel scene, and new performers.

Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes

Intremuere undæ, penitusque exterrita tellus •

*Momonixæ.*

The sounds of greeting then sank into a babbling murmur, and at last into a hush of expectation, similar to that with which Pasta is welcomed at the Italian opera when she comes forward to stop the mouths of the unintelligible chorus, and to

thrill the bright assembly with the frantic sorrows of Medea.

The spot selected for the occasion, was the shore of a small bay, which was composed of a fine hard sand that afforded a very fair and level course for the horses. At the farther end was a lofty pole, on the top of which was suspended by the stirrup a new saddle, the destined guerdon of the conqueror. A red handkerchief, stripped from the neck of Dan Hourigan, the house carpenter, was hoisted over-head, and a crowd of country people, drest, notwithstanding the fineness of the day, in their heavy frieze great coats, stood round the winning-post, each faction being resolved to see justice done to its own representative in the match. A number of tents, composed of old sheets, bags and blankets, with a pole at the entrance, and a sheaf of reed, a broken bottle, or a sod of turf erected for a sign, were discernible among the multitude that thronged the side of the little rising ground

before mentioned. High above the rest Mick Normile's sign-board waved in the rising wind. Busy was the look of that lean old man, as he bustled to and fro among his pigs, kegs, mugs, pots and porringers. A motley mass of felt hats, white muslin caps and ribbands, scarlet cloaks, and blue riding *jocks*, filled up the spaces between the tents, and moved in a continual series of involutions, whirls and eddies, like those which are observable on the surface of a fountain newly filled. The horses were to start from the end of the bay, opposite to the winning-post, go round Mick Normile's tent, and the cowl on the hill side, and returning to the place from whence they came, run straight along the sand for the saddle. This was to be the victor's prize,

Hic, qui fortè velint rapido contendere cursu,  
Invitat pretiis animos, et premia ponit.

The *solatia victo* were to be had at the rate of four-pence a tumbler, at Mick Normile's tent.

A rejected lover can hardly be supposed to have any predilection for the grotesque. Kyrle Daly however, observing that Miss Chute made an effort to appear disembarrassed, and feeling, in the sincerity of his affection, a sentiment of grief for the uneasiness he had occasioned her, compelled himself to assume the appearance of his usual good humour, and entered with some animation into the spirit of the scene. Captain Gibson, who now approached them on foot, could not, with the recollections of Ascot and Doncaster fresh in his mind, refrain from a roar of laughter at almost every object he beheld,—at the condition of the horses; the serious and important look of the riders; the *Teniers* appearance of the whole course; the band, consisting simply of a blind fiddler with a piece of *listing* about his waist and another about his old hat; the self-importance of the stewards, Tim Welsh the baker, and Batt Kennedy the poet or *janius* of the village, as they went in a jog trot round the course, col-

lecting shilling subscriptions to the saddle from all who appeared on horseback.

“ Well, Anne,” said Mr. Cregan, riding up to the group, “ we have lost three of our company. Hepton Connolly is gone off to fight a duel with some fellow from the mountains that called him a scoundrel, and taken Creagh with him for a second. That’s the lad that’ll see them properly set. Doctor Leake has followed for the purpose of stopping up any holes they may happen to make in one another, so we have all the fun to ourselves. If the doctor had staid, we should have had so many accounts of the sports of Taiton and all that. He is a very learned little man, the doctor, I don’t suppose there’s so long a head in the county; but he talks too much. Captain, I see you laugh a great deal, but you must’nt laugh at our girls, though ; there are some pretty bits o’ muslin there, I can tell you.”

“ I like them uncommonly,” said the Cap-

tain, "their dress, in particular, I think very becoming. The muslin cap, with a ribband tied under the chin and a pretty knot above, is a very simple and rural head dress. And the scarlet cloak and hood, which seems to be a favourite article of costume, gives a gay and flashy air to their rustic assemblies. Look at that girl, now, with the black eyes, on the bank, what a pretty, modest dress that is! A handkerchief pinned across the bosom, a neat figured gown, and check apron; but what demon whispered her to case her little feet in black worsted stockings and brogues?"

"They are better than the clouted shoes of the continent," said Anne, "and durability must sometimes be preferred to appearance."

"Why that's Syl Carney\*, Anne," exclaimed Cregan.

"It is, sir. She has seen her *beau* somewhere on the course, I will venture to say."

A roar of laughter from Captain Gibson here attracted their attention.

“Look at that comical fellow on horseback,” he cried, “did you ever see such a pair of long legs with so small a head. A fire-tongs would sit a horse as well. And observe the jaunty way he carries the little head, and his nods and winks at the girls. That’s an excruciating fellow! And the arms, the short arms, how the fellow gathers up the bridle and makes the lean animal hold up his head and jog airily forward. Is that fellow really going to run for the stake?”

Kyrle Daly turned his eyes in the same direction, and suffered them to dilate with an expression of astonishment, when he beheld his own saucy squire seated upon the hair-cutter’s mare, and endeavouring to screen himself from his master’s observation by keeping close to the side of Batt Kennedy, the *janius*; while the latter recited aloud a violent satire which he had



made upon a rival versifier in the neighbourhood. In fact, Lowry Looby, understanding that Syl Carney was to be at the course, and wishing to cut a figure in her eyes, had coaxed Foxy Dunat “out of the loand of his mare for one hate,” while that indifferent equestrian refreshed his galled person with a “soft sate,” on the green sod in Mick Normile’s tent.

Mr. Cregan here left the party, with the view of assuming his place as judge of the course at the winning-post ; while the *staggeens* with their riders moved forward surrounded by a dense and noisy crowd to the starting post near the elevation that was occupied by our three friends.

“We are at a loss here,” said Miss Chute, “for a list, a list of this day’s running horses, the colour of the rider and the rider’s name !” [Here she imitated, with some liveliness, the accent of the boys who sell those bills at more

regular fêtes of the kind.] “ But you, Captain Gibson, seem to take an interest in the proceeding, and I am acquainted not only with the characters of the heroes who hold the reins, but with all the secret machinery of intrigue which is expected to interfere with the fair-dealing of the day ; I will, therefore, if you please, let you into the most amusing parts of their history as they pass.”

Captain Gibson, with a fresh burst of laughter, protested that “ he would give the world for a peep into the social policy of an Irish village.”

“ Well, then,” said Anne, assuming a Mock-Ossianic manner, “ the first whom you see advancing, on that poor half-starved black mare with the great lump on her knee, and the hay rope for a saddle-girth, is Jerry Dooley, our village nailer, famed alike for his dexterity in shaping the heads of his brads and demolishing those of his acquaintances. Renowned in war is

Jerry, I can tell you,—Gurtenaspig and Derrygortnacloghy re-echo with his fame. Next to him, on that spavined grey horse, rides John O'Reilly, our blacksmith, not less esteemed in arms, or rather in cudgels. Not silent, Captain Gibson, are the walks of Garryowen on the deeds of John O'Reilly, and the bogs of Ballinvoric quake when his name is mentioned. A strength of arm, the result of their habitual occupation, has rendered both these heroes formidable among the belligerent factions of the village, but the nailer is allowed a precedence. He is the great Achilles, O'Reilly the Telamon Ajax of the neighbourhood. And to follow up my Homeric parallels, close behind him on that long-backed, ungroomed creature, with the unnameable colour, rides the crafty Ulysses of the assemblage, Dan Hogan the process-server. You may read something of his vocation in the sidelong glance of his eye and in the paltry deprecating air of his whole demean-

our. He starts, as if afraid of a blow whenever any one addresses him. As he is going to be married to Dooley's sister, it is apprehended by the O'Reillys that he will attempt to cross the blacksmith's mare, but the smoky Achilles, who gets drunk with him every Saturday night, has a full reliance on his friendship. Whether, however, Cupid or Bacchus will have the more powerful influence upon the process-server, is a question that I believe yet remains a mystery even to himself; and I suspect he will adopt the neutral part of doing all he can to win the saddle for himself. The two who ride abreast behind Hogan are mountaineers, of whose motives or intentions I am not aware; the sixth and last is Lowry Looby, a retainer of my friend Mr. Daly's, and the man whose appearance made you laugh so heartily a little while since. He is the only romantic individual of the match. He rides for love, and it is to the chatty disposition of the lady of his affections, our own

housemaid, that I am indebted for all this information."

One would have thought the English officer was about to die with laughter several times during the course of this speech. He leaned, in the excess of his mirth, upon the shoulder of Kyrle Daly, who in spite of all his depression was compelled to join him, and placing his hand against his forehead—

"——laughed, sans intermission,  
An hour by the dial."

The mere force of sympathy compelled the lady and gentleman to lay aside for the moment their more serious reflections, and adapt their spirits to the scene before them. It seemed curious to Kyrle Daly, that slightly as he esteemed this new military acquaintance, he felt jealous for the moment of the influence thus exercised by the latter on the temper of Annie Chute, and wished at the time that it were

in his power to laugh as heartily as Captain Gibson. But a huge diaphragm, though an useful possession in general society, is not one that is most likely to win the affections of a fine girl. In affairs of the heart you are mere laughter to your thinker and sentimentalist.

Before the Captain could sufficiently recover himself to make his acknowledgments for the entertainment which Miss Chute had afforded him, a cry of "Clear the coorse! Clear the coorse!" resounded along the sand, and the two stewards, the baker and poet, came galloping round at a furious rate, laying about them stoutly with their cord-whips, while their horses scattered the sand and pebbles in all directions with their hoofs, and the stragglers were seen running off to the main body of the spectators to avoid a fate similar to that sustained by the victims of Jaggernaut, in that pious procession to which his Majesty's non-

emancipating government so largely and so liberally contribute. "Clear the coorse!" shouted the baker, with as authoritative an accent as if he were King Pharaoh's own royal dough-kneader. "Clear the coorse!" sung the melodious Batt Kennedy, the favourite of the muses, as he spurred his broken-winded Pegasus after the man of loaves; and of course, the course was cleared, and kept clear, less perhaps by the violence of Tim Welsh than the amenity of Batt Kennedy, who, though not a baker, was the more pithy and flowery orator of the two.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HOW KYRLE DALY HAS THE GOOD LUCK TO SEE A STAGGEEN-RACE.

THE signal was given—and the six horsemen started in good order, and with more zeal and eagerness in their faces than was to be found in the limbs of the animals which they bestrode. For a few moments the strife seemed doubtful, and Victory hovered, with an indecisive wing, now over one helmet, and now over another. The crowd of spectators, huddling together on a heap, with faces that glowed and eyes that sparkled with intense interest, encouraged



the riders with shouts and exclamations of hoarse and vehement applause. "Success! success, Jerry!" "Its done; a half-pint wit you, Dan Hogan wins!" "I depend my life upon John O'Reilly." "Give her a loose, Lowry:" and other expressions of a similar nature.

But ere they again came round the winning-post, the position of the horses was altered. O'Reilly rode in front, lashing his horse in the flank with as much force as if he were pounding on his own anvil. Dooley the nailer came close behind, drubbing his black mare's lean ribs with the calves of his legs as if designing to beat the poor beast out of the last remnant of her wind. The others followed, lashing their horses and one another, each abusing his neighbour in the grossest terms, all except Lowry Looby, who prudently kept out of harm's way, keeping a loose in his hand, and giving the hair-cutter's mare the advantage of

what jockies term a *sob*, a relief, indeed, of which the poor creature stood in the utmost need. He was thus prepared to profit by the accident which followed. The blacksmith's grey horse started at a heap of sea-weed, and suffered the nailer's mare to come down like a thunderbolt upon his haunches. Both steeds fell, and the process-server, who rode on their heels, falling foul of them as they lay kicking on the sand, was compelled to share in their prostration. This accident produced among the fallen heroes a series of kicks and bruises in which the horses were not idle. O'Reilly, clenching his hand, hit the nailer a straight-forward blow between the eyes, which so effectually interfered with the exercise of those organs, that he returned the favour with a powerful thrust in the abdomen of his own prostrate steed. For this good office he was rewarded by the indignant quadruped with a kick over the right ear which made it unneces-

sary to inflict a second, and the quarrel remained between the process-server and blacksmith, who pummelled one another as if they were pounding flax, and with as much satisfaction as if they had never got drunk together in their lives. They were at length separated, and borne from the ground all covered with blood and sand, while their horses with much difficulty were set upright on their legs, and led off to the neighbouring slope.

In the meantime, our party observed Lowry Looby returning from the winning-post under the protection of Mr. Cregan, with the saddle torn to fitters between his hands, and his person exhibiting tokens of severe ill-usage. He had contrived to outstrip the mountaineers, and obtained the prize ; but the adverse factions, irritated at beholding their laurels flourishing on a stranger's brow, had collected around and dragged him from his horse, alleging that it was an unfair heat, and that there should be a

second trial. Mr. Cregan, however, with some exertion succeeded in rescuing Lowry from their hands; but not until every man in the crowd had put a mark upon him by which he might be easily distinguished at any future meeting.

Tired of the deafening uproar that surrounded him, and longing for retirement, that he might brood at leisure over his disappointment, Kyrle Daly now left the course, notwithstanding the invitation of Anne Chute, that he would return and dine at the Castle. His intention was, to spend the night at the Cottage on one of his father's dairy-farms, which lay at the distance of a few miles lower on the river side; and where one neat room was always kept in order for his use, whenever he joined Hardress Cregan in a shooting excursion towards the mouth of the stream. Hardress had promised to visit him at this cottage, a few weeks before, and as he

knew that his young friend ~~must~~ have come to an anchor in waiting for the tide, he judged it not unlikely that he might see him this very night. He had now an additional reason for desiring to hold conversation with Hardron, in order that he might receive the consolations of his friendship, under his own disappointment; and, if possible, obtain some knowledge of the true condition of his mistress's affections.

Lowry Looby, once more reduced to his legs, followed him at a distance somewhat more considerable than that recommended by Dean Swift as proper to be observed by gentlemen's gentlemen. He lingered only to restore the mare to Foxy Dunat, presenting him at the same time with the mutilated saddle, and obstinately declining the hair-cutter's proposal of "trating him to the best that the Cat an' Bagpipes could afford." After which conversation the two friends threw their arms

about each ~~other's~~ neck, kissed, as in France, and separated.

The night had fallen before Kyrle alighted at the cottage door. Mrs. Frawley, the dairy-woman, had been provident enough to light a fire in the little yellow room, and to place beside it the arm-chair and small painted table, with the volume of Blackstone which her young master was accustomed to look into in the evening. The night, she observed "was *smart* enough to make *an air o' the fire* no unpleasant thing; and even if it were not cold, a fire was *company* when one would be alone that way." With equal foresight, she had prepared the materials for a tolerable dinner, such as a hungry man might not condemn without trial. Whether it were the mere effect of custom, or an indication of actual and unromantic appetite, the eye of our desponding lover was not displeased, on entering the little parlour, to see the table decorated with a snow-white damask cloth, a cooler of the sweet-

est butter, a small cold ham, and an empty space which he knew to be destined for a roast duck or chickens. There is no time at which the heart is more disposed to estimate in a proper light the comforts of home and a quiet fire-side, than when it has experienced some severe rejection in society, and it was with the feeling of one who after much and harrassing annoyance, encounters a sudden refuge, that our drooping traveller flung himself into the chair, and exclaimed in the words of Oriana :

“ Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy,  
We that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought,  
Through an idle fancy wrought,  
Oh, let my joys have some abiding ! ”

While Mrs. Frawley superintended the dressing of the fowl in the kitchen, much wondering at the forlorn and absent air with which her officious attentions were received by the young

collegian, that meditative gentleman was endeavouring to concentrate his attention on the pages of the learned work that lay before him. His eyes wandered over the concise and lucid detail of the reciprocal rights and duties of *baron* and *feme*; but what purpose could this answer, except to remind him that he could never claim the lovely Anne Chute as his *feme*, nor would the lovely Anne Chute consent to acknowledge him as her *baron*. He closed the volume, and laying it on the little chimney-piece resumed his mood of settled meditation by the fire.

The silence of the place was favourable to that sort of drowsy musing in which the mind delights to repose its energies after any strong and passionate excitement. There was no effort made to invite or pursue a particular train of reflection; but those thoughts which lay nearest to the heart, those memories, hopes, fears, and wishes, with which they were most intimately associated passed in long and still procession before



his mind. It was a dreary and funereal train to witness, but yet the lover found a luxurious indulgence in its contemplation. He remained gazing on the fire, with his hand supporting his temple, until every crackling turf and fagot became blended in his thoughts with the figures which his memory called up from the past, or his fancy created for the future.

While he leaned thus silent in his chair, he overheard in the adjoining kitchen a conversation, which for the moment diverted his attention from the condition of his own fortunes.

"Whereto are you running in such a hurry, Mary?" said Mrs. Frawley, "One would think it was for the seed o' the fire you come. Sit down again."

"O wisha," said a strange voice, "I'm tired from sitting. Is it to look after the butter Mr. Kyrle is come down to ye?"

"Oyeh, no. He does'nt meddle in them things at all. If he did, we'd have a bad story to

tell him. You'll burn that duck, Nelly, if you don't mind it."

"Why so, a bad story, Mrs. Frawley?"

"I'll tell you, Mary. I don't know what the reason of it is, but our butter is going from us this two months now. I'd almost take the vestment\* of it, that Mr. Euright's dairyman, Bill Noonan, made a *pishog*† and took away our butter."

"Oyeh!"

\* Swear on the priest's vestment.

† A mystic rite, by which one person is enabled to make a supernatural transfer of his neighbour's butter into his own churns. The failure and diminution of butter at different times, from the poverty of the cream, appears so unaccountable, that the country people can only attribute it to witchcraft; and those dairy superstitions have prevailed to a similar degree in the country parts of England. In *The Devil is an Ass*, his Satanic Majesty is thus made to jest on the petty mischief of his imp, Pug, who seeks a month's furlough to the earth:

———"You have some plot now,  
Upon a tunning of ale, to stale the yeast,  
Or keep the churn so that the butter come not,  
Spite of the housewife's cord and her hot spit."

“What else, what would become of it? Sure Bill himself told me they had double their compliment last week, at a time when, if we were to break our hearts churning from this till Doomsday, we could get nothing but the butter-milk in the latter end,”

“Did you watch your cows last May-eve, to see that nobody milked ’em from you?”

“I did to be sure. I sat up until twelve o’clock, to have the first milk myself: for Shaun Lauther, the fairy doctor, told me that if another milked ’em that night, she’d have their butter the whole year round. And what good was it for me? I would’nt wonder if old Moll Noonan had a hand in it.”

“Nor I neither. They say she’s a witch. Did I ever tell you what Davy Neal’s wife did to her of a time?”

“Not as I know.”

“The same way as with yourself, the butter, no, tisn’t the butter, but the milk itself, was

going from Katty Neal, although her little cow was a kind Kerry, and had the best of grazing. Well, she went, as you done, to Shaun Lauther, the knowledgeable man, and put a half-a-crown into his hand, and asked his advice. Well! 'Tell me,' says Shaun, 'were you at Moll Noonan's yesterday?' 'I was,' says Kate. 'And did you see a hair spancel hanging over the chimney?' says he. 'I did see that too,' says Kate. 'Well,' says Shaun, 'tis out of that spancel that Moll do be milking your cows every night, by her own chimney corner, and you breaking your heart at a dry udder the same time.' 'And what am I to do?' says Kate; 'I'll tell you,' says he. 'Go home and redden this horse-shoe in the fire, and observe when you're milking, that a grey cat will sit by you on the bawn. Just strike her with the red shoe, and your business will be done.' Well, she did his bidding. She saw the grey cat, and burnt her with the shoe, till she flew screeching over the hedge."

“O, murther, had’nt she the courage?”

“She had. Well, the next day she went to Moll Noonan’s, and found her keeping her bed, with a great scald, she said she got from a pot of boiling water she had down for scalding the keelers. Ayeh, thought Kate, I know what ails you well, my old lady. But she said nothing, and I’ll engage she had the fine can o’ milk from her cows next morning.”

“Well, she was a great girl.”

“A’, what should ail her?” said Nelly, the servant wench, who was employed in turning the duck, “I remember Jug Flannigan, the cooper’s wife, above, was in the same way, losing all her butter, and she got it again, by putten’ a taste o’ the last year’s butter into the churn, before churning, along with the crame, and into every keeler in the house. Here, Mrs. Framley, will you have an eye to the spit a minute, while I go look at them hens in the coob abroad? Master Kyrle might like a fresh egg for his *tay*, an’ I hear them clockin’.”

“Do then, Nell, a’ragal, and, as you’re going, turn in the turkeys, for the wind is rising, and I’m in dread it will be a bad night.”

A loud knocking at the door was the next sound that invaded the ear of Kyrle Daly. The bolt flew back, and a stranger rushed in, while at the same moment, a gust of wind and rain dashed the door with violence against the wall, and caused a cloud of smoke and ashes to penetrate even to the room in which he sat.

“Shut out the doore ! shut out the doore !” screamed Mrs. Frawley, “The duck will be all destroyed from the ashes. A’, Lowry, what kep you till now?”

“Oh, let me alone woman,” exclaimed Lowry, in a loud and agitated voice, “Where’s himself? Where’s Master Kyrle?”

“Sitting in the parlour within.—What’s the matter, eroo?”

Without making any reply, Lowry Looby presented himself at the parlour door, and waving

his hand with much force, exclaimed, "Come out! come out, Masther Kyrle! There's the Nora Creina abroad just going down, an' every soul aboard of her. She never will retch the shore! O vo! vo! 'tis frightful to see the swell that's round her. The Lord in his mercy sthretch out his hand upon the wathers, this fearful night!"

Kyrle started up in alarm, snatched his hat, and rushed out of the room, not paying any attention to the recommendation of Mrs. Frawley, that he would throw the frieze riding coat over his shoulders before he went out in the rain. Lowry Looby, with many ejaculations of terror and of compassion, followed his master to the shore, within a gun-shot of which the cottage was situated. They arrested their steps on a rocky point, which, jutting far into the river, commanded a wide prospect on either side. It was covered with wet sea-weed and shell-fish, and afforded a slippery footing to the young collegian

and his squire. A small fishing-boat lay at anchor on the leeward side of the point, and her crew, consisting of a swarthy old man and a youth, were standing on the shore, and watching the pleasure-boat with much interest.



## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW FORTUNE BRINGS TWO OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

THE situation of the little vessel was in reality terrific. A fierce westerly wind, encountering the receding tide, occasioned a prodigious swell in the centre of the channel ; and even near shore, the waves lashed themselves with so much fury against the rocky head-land before mentioned, that Kyrle and his servant were covered with spray and foam. There was not sufficient twilight in the sky, to enable them to discern objects on the river, and the full autumnal moon, which ever

and anon, shot, like a flying ghost, from one dark mass of vapour to another, revealed them at intervals with a distinctness scarcely inferior to that of day. The object of the pleasure-boat seemed to be that of reaching the anchorage above alluded to, and with this view the helmsman held her head as close to the wind as a reefed mainsail and heavy swell would allow him. The white canvass, as the boat came foaming and roaring towards the spectators, appeared half drenched in brine from the breaking of the sea against the windward bow. The appearance of the vessel was such as to draw frequent ejaculations of compassion from Lowry and the boatmen, and to make Kyrle Daly's heart sink low with fear and anxiety. At one time, she was seen on the ridge of a broken wave, showing her keel to the moonlight, and bending her white and glistening sails over the dark gulf upon her lee. At another, the liquid mountain rolled away and left her buried in the trough, while her vane alone was visible to the landsmen, and the surges

leaping and whitening in the moonshine, seemed hurrying to overwhelm and engulf their victim. Again, however, suddenly emerging into the light, she seemed to ride the waters in derision, and left the angry monsters roaring in her wake.

"She never'll do it, I'm in dread," said Lowry, bending an inquisitive glance on the boatman. The latter was viewing intently, and with a grim smile, the gallant battle made by the little vessel against the elements.

"'Tis a good boy that has the rudder in his hand," he said; "and as for their lives, 'tis the same Lord that is on the water as on the land. When their hour is come, on sea or shore, 'tis all the same to 'em. I would'nt wondther if he done it yet. Ah, that swell put him off of it. He must make another tack. ~~This~~ <sup>This</sup> is a right good boy that houlds the rudder."

"What?" ~~exclaimed~~ <sup>exclaimed</sup> ~~Little~~, "do you think it will be necessary ~~for them to~~ <sup>for them to</sup> put out into the tide again?"

"Indeed I do'nt say she 'll ever do without it," said the old boatman, still keeping his eyes fixed on the Nora Creina. "There she comes round. She spins about like a top, God bless her!" Then putting his huge chapped hands at either side of his mouth, so as to form a kind of speaking trumpet, he cried out in a voice as loud and hoarse as that of the surges that rolled between them, "Ahoy! Ahoy! Have an oar out in the bow, or she'll miss-stay in the swell."

"Thank you, thank you, it is done already!" shouted the helmsman in answer—"Kyrle, my boy, how are you? Kyrle, have a good fire for us when we go in. This is cold work."

"Cold work?" repeated Lowry Looby. "Dear knows, it's ~~not~~ for you. A' then, it's at it little he makes of it after all, God bless him, an' it blowing a perfect *harica*."

Notwithstanding the ~~sign~~ *sign* and confidence which spoke in the accents of the hardy helms-

man, Kyrie Daly, when he saw the vessel once more shoot out into the deep, felt as if he had been listening to the last farewell of his friend. He could not return his gallant greeting, and remained with his head looking forward, and his arm outstretched, and trembling, while his eyes followed the track of the pleasure-boat. Close behind him stood Larry, his shoulder raised against the wind, and his hand placed over that ear on which it blew—clacking his tongue against his palate for pity, and indulging in many sentiments of commiseration for “Master Har-dress!” and “the family,” not forgetting “Danny the Lord,” and his sister, “Fighting Poll of the Reeks.”

We shall follow the vessel in her brief but eventful course. The young boatman has been already slightly introduced to the reader in the second chapter of this history, but the change which circumstances have effected in his appearance, renders it well worthy of our pains

to describe his person and bearing with more accuracy and distinctness. His figure was tall, and distinguished by that muscularity and firmness of set, which characterizes the inhabitants of the south-west of Europe. His attitude, as he kept one hand on the rudder, and his eye fixed upon the foresail, was such as displayed his form to extreme advantage. It was erect, composed and manly. Every movement seemed to be dictated by a judgment perfectly at ease, and a will that, far from being depressed, had caught a degree of fire and excitement from the imminent dangers with which it had to struggle. The warm and heroic flush upon his cheek could not be discovered in the pale and unequal light that shone upon him, but the settled and steady lustre of his large dark eye, over which, not even the slightest contraction of the arched brow could be discerned; the perfect calmness of his manner, and the half-smiling expression of his mouth, (that feature, which of all others is most

traitorous to the dissembling coward) bespoke a mind and heart that were pleased to encounter danger, and well calculated to surmount it. It was such a figure as would have at once awakened associations in the beholder's mind, of camps and action, of states confounded in their councils, and nations overrun by sudden conquest. His features were brightened by a lofty and confident enthusiasm, such as the imagination might ascribe to the Royal Adventurer of Sweden, as he drew his sword on his beleaguers at Belgrade. His forehead was ample and intellectual in its character; his hair "coal-black" and curling; his complexion of that rich deep Gipsy yellow, which, shewing as it did the healthy bloom beneath, was far nobler in its character than the feminine white and red. The lower portion of his physiognomy was finely and delicately turned, and a set of teeth as white as those of a young beagle, gave infinite vivacity to the expression of his lips. The countenance

was such an one as men seldom look upon, but when once beheld can never be forgotten.

On a seat at the weather side sat a young girl, her slight person wrapped in a blue cloak, while her eyes were raised to the cheerful face of the helmsman as if from him she derived all her hope and her security. The wind had blown back the hood from her shoulders and the head and countenance which thus "unmasked their beauty to the moon" were turned with a Sylph-like grace and lightness. The mass of curly hair which was blown over her left temple, seemed of a pale gold, that harmonized well with the excelling fairness and purity of her complexion; and the expression of her countenance was tender, affectionate and confiding.

In the bow sat a being who did not share the beauty of his companions. He bore a prodigious hunch upon his shoulders, which however did not prevent his using his limbs with



agility and even strength, as he tended the foresail, and bustled from side to side with an air of the utmost coolness and indifference. His features were not disagreeable, and were distinguished by that look of pert shrewdness which marks the low inhabitant of a city, and vents itself in vulgar cant, and in ridicule of the honest and wondering ignorance of rustic simplicity.

Such were the individuals whom the spirit of the tempest appeared at this moment to hold environed by his hundred perils; and such was the manner in which they prepared to encounter their destiny.

“Mind your hand, Mr. Hardress,” said the boatman, in a careless tone, “we are in the tide.”

It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the little vessel through the danger which he thus announced. An immense, overtopping billow, capped in foam, came

thundering downward like an avalanche upon her side. In spite of the precautions of Hardress, and the practised skill with which he timed the motion of the wave, as one would take a ball upon the bound, or a hunter on the rise—the bowsprit dipped and cracked like a withered sapling, a whole ton of water was flung over the stern, drenching the crew as completely as if they had been drawn through the river. The boat seemed to stagger and lose her way like a stricken hart, and lay for a moment weltering in the gloomy chasm in which the wasted wave had left her. A low and smothered scream was breaking from the female, when her eye again met that of Hardress Cregan, and her lip though pale and quivering was silent.

“That was right well done, sir:” said **Danny Mann**, as the boat once more cleft the breakers on her landward course. “A minute sooner, or a minute later, up with the hand, would put it all into her.”

“A second would have done it,” said Hardress, “but all is well now. A charming night this would be” he continued smiling on the girl—“for beaver and feathers.”

This jest produced a short hysteric laugh, in answer, which was rather startling than agreeable to the person who addressed her. In a few minutes after, and without any more considerable disaster, the vessel dropped her peak, and ran alongside the rocks on which Kyrle Daly was expecting them.

“Remain in the boat,” said Hardress, addressing the girl: while he fastened the hood over her head;—“I see that talkative fellow, Looby, above on the rocks. I will procure you an unoccupied room, if possible, in the cottage, as a neighbour and relative of Danny Mann. Endeavour to conceal your countenance, and speak as little as possible. We are ruined, if I should be seen paying you any attention.”

“ And am I not to see you to night again ? ” said the girl, in a broken and affectionate accent.

“ My own love, I would not go to rest without taking leave of you for all the world. Be satisfied ” he added, pressing her hand tenderly, and patting her upturned cheek. “ You are a noble girl. Go, pray—pray and return thanks for your husband’s life as he shall do for your’s. I thought we should have supped in heaven. Dan ! ” he continued aloud, calling to the boatman “ take care of your sister.”

“ His sisther ! ” echoed Lowry Looby on the rocks. “ Oh, murther, is Fighting Poll of the Reeks aboard too ? Why then he need’nt bid Danny to take care of her, for she is well able to do that job for herself.”

Hardress leaped out upon the shore and was received by Kyrle Daly with a warmth and delight proportioned to the anxiety which he had previously experienced.

“ My dear fellow, I thought I should have never seen you on your feet again. A thousand and a hundred thousand welcomes! Lowry, run to the house, and get dinner hastened—Stay!—Hardress, have you any things on board?”

“ Only a small trunk and my gun—you would for ever oblige me, Kyrle, by procuring a comfortable lodging—if you have no room to spare, for this poor fellow of mine and his sister. He is sickly, and you know he is my foster brother.”

“ He shall be taken care of—I have a room—come along—you are dripping wet. Lowry, take up Mr. Cregan’s trunk and gun to the cottage. Come along, Hardress, you will catch your death of cold. Pooh! are you afraid Fighting Poll will break her tender limbs that you look back and watch her so closely?”

“ No—no, my dear Daly—but I am afraid that fellow—Booby—Looby—(what’s his stupid

name ? )—will break my trunk ;—he is watching the woman and peering about her, instead of minding what he is doing. But come along !—Well, Kyrle, how are you ? I saw you all in the window to-day when I was sailing by.”

“ Yes—you edified my mother with that little feat you performed at the expense of the fishermen.”

“ Ah, no—was she looking at that, though ? I shall not be able to show my face to her this month to come. Hallo, you sir, Booby ! Looby, come along ! Do you remain long in the west, Kyrle ? ”

“ As long as you will take a bed in the cottage with me. But we will talk of this when you have changed your dress and dined. You came on the very point of time. *Rem acu tetigisti*, as our old college tutor Doyle would say. Mrs. Frawley was just preparing to dish me a roast duck. I bless the wind, all boisterous as it was, that blew you on these

shores, for I thought I should have spent a lonesome evening, with the recollections of merry old times, like so many evil familiars, to dine, and sup, and sleep with me. But now that we are met again, farewell the past! The present and the future shall furnish our entertainment, after we have done with the roast duck."

"The fume of which salutes my sense at this moment with no disagreeable odour" said Har- dress, following his friend into the little hall of the cottage. "Mrs. Frawley, as fat and fair and rosy as ever! Well, Mrs. Frawley, how do you and the cows get on? Has any villainous imp been making *pishogs* over your keelers? Does the cream mount? Does the butter break? Have you got the devil well out of your churn?"

"Oh, fie, masther Cregan, to go spake of such a thing at all. Oh, vo, a vich-o, you're drown'ded wet, an' that's what you are. Nelly,

eroo, bring hether the candle. Oh, sir, you never will get over it."

"Never mind, Mrs. Frawley. I'll be stout enough to dance at your wedding yet."

"My wedding, a-vourneen!" returned the buxom dairy-woman, in a gentle scream of surprise, not unqualified however by a gracious smile, "Oyeh, if you never fut a moñeen till then!—Make haste hether ~~with~~ the candle, Nelly, eroo, what are you doing?"

Nelly, not altogether *point device* in her attire, at length appeared with a light to conduct the gentlemen to their chamber; while Mrs. Frawley returned to the kitchen. This accident of the stranger's arrival was of fatal consequence to three individuals in the cottage; namely, two fat chickens and a turkey pout, upon whom sentence of death was immediately pronounced and executed, without more form of law than might go to the hanging of a Croppy.



Mrs. Frawley, meantime, fulfilled the office of Sheriff on the occasion, ejaculating, out of a smiling reverie, while she gazed listlessly on the blood of the innocent victims, "Why then I declare that Mither Hardress is a mighty pleasant gentleman."

In the meantime, Lowry Looby was executing the commission he had received with regard to Mr. Cregan's trunk. Lowry, who was just as fond of obtaining, as of communicating strange intelligence, had his own good reasons for standing in awe of the far-famed Fighting Poll of the Reeks, who was renowned in all the western fairs, as a fearless, whiskey drinking virago, over six-feet in her stocking vamps, and standing no more in awe of the gallows than she might of her mother's arms. It may at once be seen that a character of this description was the very last that could have been personated with any success by the lovely young creature who accompanied Hardress, and indeed her only chance

of escaping detection consisted in the unobtrusiveness of the attempt she made, and the care she used in concealing her features. The first circumstance that excited the astonishment of Lowry, as he stood bowing with his hat off, upon the rocks, while Danny the Lord assisted her to land, was the comparative diminutiveness of her stature, and the apparent slightness of her form.

“Your sarvent, Mrs. Naughten,” he said in a most insinuating accent. “I hope I see you well in your health, ma’am. You wouldn’t remember a boy of the Looby’s at all, you met of a time at Nelly Hewsan’s wake, westwards, (heaven rest her soul this night!) That was the place where the great giving-out was, surely.”

To this gentle remembrance of old merry times, the female in the blue cloak only answered by a slight, short courtsey, while she drew the hood closer about her face, and began,

though with a feeble and tottering step, to ascend the rocks.

“Bread, an’—beef, an’—tay an’—whiskey an’—turkies an’—cakes—an’ every thing that the heart could like,” the officious Lowry continued following the pseudo amazon among the stones and sea-weed and marvelling not a little at her unaccustomed taciturnity. “The Hewsans could well afford it, they were strong, snug farmers, relations o’ your own, I’m thinking, ma’am. Oh, vo! sure I forgot the trunk and there’s Mr. Hardress calling to me. Larry Kett,” he continued, addressing the old boatman beforementioned, “will you show Mrs. Naughten the way to the house while I’m getting the thrunk out o’ the boat; an’ if you want a fire o’ turf or a *gwal* o’ platees, Mrs. Frawley will let you have ’em an’ welcome.”

The old boatman willingly came into terms so easy and advantageous; and the fair counterfeit hurried on, well pleased at the exchange

of companions. Lowry in the mean time returned to the boat, and stole into conversation with Danny the Lord, whom, in fear of his sneering satirical temper, he always treated with nearly as much respect as if his title were not so purely a thing of courtesy. Danny Mann, on the other hand, received his attentions with but little complaisance; for he looked on Lowry as a foolish, troublesome fellow, whose property in words (like the estate of many a young absentee) far overbalanced his discretion and ability in their employment. He had often told Looby in confidence, "that it would be well for him he had a bigger head an' a smaller mouth," alluding to that peculiar conformation of Lowry's upper man with which the reader has been already made acquainted. The country people, (who are never at a loss for a simile) when they saw this long-legged fellow, following the sharp-faced little hunch-back from place to place, used to lean on their spades, and call

the attention of their companions to “the wran an’ the cuckoo, goen’ the road.”

The “cuckoo” now found the “wran” employed in coiling up a wet cable on the fore-castle, while he sang in a voice that more nearly resembled the grunting of a pig at the approach of rain, than the melody of the sweet songstress of the hedges above named:—

“ An’ of all de meat dat ever was hung,  
A cheek o’ pork is my fancy,  
’Tis sweet an’ toothsome when ’tis young.  
Fait, dat’s no lie, says Nancy.  
’Twill boil in less dan half an hour,  
Den wit your nail you may try it,  
’Twill taste like any cauliflower,  
’Tis better do dat dan to fry it.  
“ Sing re-rig-i-dig-i-dum-derom-dum.”

“ How does the world use Misther Mann this evening?” was the form of Lowry’s first greeting, as he bent over the gun-wale of the stern, and laid his huge paws on the small trunk.

"As you see me Lowry," was the reply.

"A smart evening ye had of it."

"Purty fair for de matter o' dat."

"Dear knows, its a wondther ye wor'nt drown'ded. 'Twas blown' a *harico*. An' you singen' now as if you wor comen' from a jig-house, or a wake, or a weddin'. A' then tell me, now, Mither Mann, was'nt it your thought when you wor abroad, that time, how long it was since you were with the priest before?"

"I tought o' dat first, Lowry, an' I tried to say a prayer, but it was so long from me since I did de like before, dat I might as well try to talk latin, or any oder book-larning. But sure if I tought o' myself rightly, dere was'nt de laste fear of us, for I had a book o' Saint Margaret's confessions in me buzzom, an' as long as I'd have dat, I knew dat if de boat was to go down under me itself, she'd come up again."

"Erra, no!"

"Iss, dear knows."

"I wisht I had one of 'em," said Lowry, "I do be often goen' in boats across to Cratloe, an' them places."

"You'd have no business of it, Lowry. Dem dat's born for one death, has no reason to be afeerd of anoder."

"Gondoutha! You're welcome to your joke this evening. Well, if I was to put my eyes upon sticks, Mither Mann, I never would know your sisther again."

"She grew a dale, I b'lieve."

"Grew?—If she did, its like the cow's tail, downwards. Why, she is'nt, to say, taller than myself, now, in place o' being the head an' two shoulders above me. An' she is'nt at all the rattlen' girl she was of ould. She didn't spake a word."

"An' dat's a failing, dat's new to both o' ye," said his lordship, "but Poll made a vow again talken' of a Tuesday, bekeys it was of a Tuesday her first child died, an' dey said he was

hoist away be de good people, while Poll was gossiping wit Ned Hayes, over a glass at de public."

"And that's her raison!"

"Dat's her riason."

"An' in regard o' the drink?"

"Oh, she's greatly altered dat way too, dough 'twas greatly again' natur. A lime-burner's bag was notten to her for soaken formerly, but now she'd take no more dan a wet sponge."

"That's great, surely. An' about the cursen' an' swearen'?"

"Cursen'? You'd no more find a curse after her, dan you would after de clargy. An' tis'nt dat itself, but you would'nt get a crooked word outside her lips, from year's end to year's end."

"Why then, it was long from her to be so mealy-mouthed when I knew her. An' does she lift a hand at the fair at all now? Oyeh, what a terrible 'oman she was, comen' again a man



with her stocken off, an' a stone in the foot of it ! ”

“ She was. Well, she would'nt raise her hand to a chicken, now.”

“ That flogs cock-fighting.”

“ Only, I'll tell you in one case. She's apt to be contrary to any one dat would be comen' discoorsen' her of a Tuesday at all, or peepen' or spyen' about her, she's so vexed in herself not to be able to make 'em an answer. It used to be a word an' a blow wit her, but now as she can't have de word, 'tis de blow comes mostly first, and she didn't make e'er a vow again' dat.”

“ Shasthone ! ” exclaimed Lowry, who laid up this hint for his own edification. “ Great changes, surely. Well, Mither Mann, an' will you tell me now if you plase, is your master goen' westwards in the boat to-morrow ? ”

“ I do'nt know, an' not maken' you a short answer, Lowry—I do'nt care. And a word more

on de back o' dat again, aldough I have a sort of a rattlen' regard for you, still an' all, I'd rader be taking a noggin o' whiskey, to warm de heart in me dis cold night, dan listening to your talken' dere. Dat I may be happy, but I would, an' dat's as good as if I was after taking all de books in Ireland of it."

This hint put an end to the conversation for the present, and Danny the Lord (who exercised over Lowry Looby an influence somewhat similar to that which tied Master Matthew to the heels of Bobadil) adjourned with that loquacious person to the comforts of Mrs. Frawley's fire-side.

## CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE TWO FRIENDS HOLD A LONGER  
CONVERSATION TOGETHER THAN THE  
READER MAY PROBABLY APPROVE.

THE female in the blue cloak withstood all the recommendations and entreaties of the goodnatured dairy-woman, that she would "step in and take an air of the kitchen fire." She pleaded extreme fatigue, and requested that she might be permitted to occupy at once the chamber in which she was to pass the night. Finding her resolute, Mrs. Frawley insisted on having a cheerful fire lighted up in the little room outside her own dormitory,

which was appropriated to the fair stranger's use. It was impossible to maintain her close disguise in the presence of this officious and hospitable woman, whose regard for her guest was in no degree diminished by a view of her person and dress. Her hair was wringing wet, but her cloak had in a great measure preserved the remainder of her attire, which was just a shade too elegant for a mere *paysanne*, and too modest for a person claiming the rank of a gentlewoman. The material, also, which was a pretty flowered cotton, "a dawny pattern," as Mrs. Frawley declared, proclaimed a pocket altogether at ease, and led the dairy-woman to the conclusion that "the Naughtins were decent, *credible* people, that knew how to indushter, and turn and stretch a penny, as far as more would a shilling."

Having supplied the counterfeit Poll with every thing necessary for her immediate uses, Mrs. Frawley left her to make what changes

she pleased in her dress, and went to look after the young gentlemen's dinner : as well as to prepare some refreshment for the weary Mrs. Naughten herself.

Scarcely had Mrs. Frawley departed, when a soft tapping at the room door announced the approach of another visitor. The lovely inconnue, who was employed at the moment in arranging and drying her hair, felt her heart beat somewhat quickly and strongly at the sound. She threw back from her temples the wavy mass of gold that hung around them, and ran to the door with lips apart, and a flushed and eager cheek. "It is he!" she exclaimed to her own breast as she undid the bolt.

It was not *he*. The weather-worn, freckled face of the little hunch-back, was the first object that met her eyes. Between his hands he held a small trunk, the lid of which was studded with brass nails, forming the letters E. O'C.

"By a dale to do, Miss, I laid houl't o' dis,"

said Danny ; “ Lowry said, de letters did n’t stand for Mr. Hardress at all, only one of ’em.”

“ Thank you, Danny. Where is your master ?”

“ Aten his dinner in de parlour wit Mr. Daly before a tunderen’ big fire.”

“ Was Lowry speaking to you ?”

“ Did any body ever see him oderwise ? I’ll be bail he was so.”

“ But does he know——”

“ I did n’t hear him say a word about it,” replied the little Lord, “ an’ I tink, if he knew, he’d tell.”

“ Well, Danny, will you find an opportunity of speaking to your master without being observed, and tell him that I wish to see him very much indeed. I am very uneasy, and he has not told me how long we are to stay here, or where we are to go next, or any thing. I feel quite lonesome, Danny, for it is the first evening I have ever spent alone in my life, I think.” Here the

poor young creature's lip quivered a little, and the water started into her eye.

“Never fear, ma gra hu! ma grein chree hu!” said Danny in a soothing tone, “I’ll speak a word in his ear, an’ he’ll come to you. Dat I may never die in a frost if I would’nt go from dis to Dublin to sarve you, next to Mr. Hardress himself.”

He was as good as his word; and took an opportunity, while Hardress was giving him some directions about the boat, to mention the request of their gentle companion in the storm. The young gentleman enquired the situation of her room, and bade his servant say, that he would not fail to visit her, if only for a few minutes, before he retired to rest. It was necessary that the utmost caution should be observed to avoid awakening suspicion.

Kyrle Daly, in the mean time, was employed in manufacturing a capacious bowl of whiskey-punch by the parlour fire-side. Instead of the

lumble but capacious tumbler, or still more modern, small stone-china jug, over which, you, good Irish reader, are, probably, accustomed to solace your honest heart in a winter's evening, two glasses, more than a foot in height, were displayed upon the board, and seemed intended to meet the lips without the necessity of any assistance from the hand.

By one of those inconsistencies in our nature, on which it is idle to speculate, Kyrle Daly found a difficulty in getting into conversation with his friend, upon the very subject, on which, a few minutes before, he had longed for his advice and assistance. Hardress appeared to be in high, noisy, and even exulting spirits, the sound of which rang jarringly and harsh upon the ear of the disappointed lover. The uproar of his happy heart offended the languor of his young companion's mind, as the bustle of the city noon sounds strange and unfamiliar on a sick man's bearing.



Neither, perhaps, is there any subject to which young men of equal pretensions have a greater distaste than that of love-confidences one with another. If the tale be of a past and unhappy attachment, it is wearisome and annoying ; and if it relate to a present and successful passion, a sentiment of jealousy is apt to invade the heart of the listener, while he is made to contemplate a picture of happiness, which, perhaps, the sternness of his own destiny has allowed him to contemplate as a picture only. A better test could scarcely be adopted, to distinguish a sincere and disinterested friendship from one of mere convenience, than a trial of patience on such a topic. It is true, indeed, that the incidents lately recorded afford reason to believe that Hardress Cregan was not one of those forlorn beings who are made

“ to love, and not be loved again ;”

but it is certain, nevertheless, that when Kyrle

Daly first mentioned his having been at Castle-chute, and driving Anne to the race-course, his manner was rather reserved and discouraging, than otherwise.

“The longer I live,” Kyrle said at length with some hesitation in his manner, “the longer I live in this luckless condition, and the oftener I think of that excellent girl, the more deep and settled is the hold which she has taken of my imagination. I wonder, Hardress, how you can be so indifferent to her acquaintance. Placing my own unfortunate affection altogether out of view, I can scarcely imagine an enjoyment more desirable than that of cultivating the society of so amiable a creature.”

Here he drew a long sigh, and replenished the void thus occasioned, by having recourse to the bowl and ladle.

“I am not of the same opinion, Kyrle,” said Hardress, “Anne Chute is unquestionably a very fine girl, but she is too highly educated for me.”

“ Too highly educated ! ”

“ Echo me not. The words are mine. Yes, Kyrle, I hold that this system of polishing girls *ad unguem*, is likely to be the destruction of all that is sincere and natural and unaffected in the sex. It is giving the mind an unwholesome preponderance over the heart, occasioning what an astronomer would call an *occultation* of feeling, by the intervention of reason.”

“ I cannot imagine a case,” said Kyrle, “ in which the exercise of reason can ever become excessive ; and there are sneerers under the sun, Hardress, who will tell you, that this danger is least of all to be apprehended among the lovely beings of whom you are speaking.”

“ I think otherwise. As I prefer the works of nature to the work of man, the fresh river breeze to the dusty and smoaky zephyr of Capel-street, the bloom on a cottage cheek to the crimson japan that blazes at the Earl of Buckinghamshire’s drawing-rooms ; as I love a plain

beef-steak before a grilled attorney,\* this excellent whiskey punch before my mother's confounded currant wine, and any thing else that is pure and natural before any thing else that is adulterated and artificial ; so do I love the wild hedge-flower simplicity before the cold and sapless exotic, fashion ; so do I love the voice of affection and of nature before that of finesse and affectation."

"Your terms are a little too hard, I think," said Kyrle, "elegance of manner is not finesse, nor at all the opposite of simplicity ; it is merely simplicity made perfect. I grant you, that few, very few, are successful in acquiring it ; and I dislike its ape, affectation, as heartily as you do. But we find something that is conventional in all

\* It is notorious, that the drumstick of a goose or turkey, grilled and highly spiced, was called a *devil*. Some elegant persons, however, who deemed that term too strong for "ears polite," were at the pains of looking for a synonyme, of a milder sound, and discovered a happy substitute in the word *attorney*, which conveys all the original force, without the coarse cacophony of the other phrase.

classes, and I like affectation better than vulgarity, after all."

"Vulgarity of manner," said Hardress, "is more tolerable than vulgarity of mind."

"One is only offensive as the indication of the other, and I think it not more tolerable, because I prefer ugliness masked to ugliness exposed."

"Why, now, Daly, I will meet you on tangible ground. There is our friend Anne Chute, acknowledged to be the loveliest girl in her circle, and one whom I remember a charming good-natured little hoyden in her childhood. And see what high education has done for her.—She is cold and distant, even to absolute frigidity, merely because she has been taught that insensibility is allied to elegance. What was habit, has become nature with her; the frost which she suffered to lie so long upon the surface, has at length penetrated to her affections, and killed every germ of mirth and love and kindness, that might have made her

a treasure to her friends and an ornament to society."

"Believe me—Hardress—believe me, my dear Hardress, you do her wrong," exclaimed Kyrle with exceeding warmth. "It is not that I love Anne Chute, I speak—but because I know and esteem her. If you knew her but for three days, instead of one hour, you never would again pronounce so harsh a sentence. All that is virtuous—all that is tender and affectionate—all that is amiable and high-principled may be met with in that admirable woman. Take the pains to know her—visit her—speak of her to her friends—her dependants—to her aged mother—to any one that has observed her conduct, and you will be undeceived. Why will you not strive to know her better?"

"Why, you must consider that it is not many months since I returned from Dublin; and to say a truth, the single visit I paid at Castle-

Chute was not calculated to tempt me to a second. Considering that I was an old play-fellow, and a kind of cousin, I thought Anne Chute need not have received me as if I were a tax-gatherer, or a travelling dancing-master."

"Why what would you have her do? Throw her arms about your neck and kiss you, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. You know the class of people of whom little Flaccus said, *Quum vitia vitant in contraria currunt*, and, after all, I think Anne Chute is not one of those. Her education is little worth if it could not enable her to see a medium between two courses so much at variance."

"But will you allow a friend to remind you, Hardress, that you are a little overapt to take exception in matters of this kind. And notwithstanding all that you have been saying against the polite world, I will venture to pro-

phesy this—that when circumstances shall more frequently thrust you forward on the stage, and custom shall make you blind to the slight and formal insincerities that grieve you at present, your ideas on fashion and elegance and education will undergo a change. I know you, Hardress; you are not yet of age. The shadow of a repulse is now to you a sentence of banishment from any circle in which you suppose it is offered; but when you shall be courted, when mothers shall dress their daughters at you, and daughters shall shower down smiles upon your paths; when fathers shall praise your drinking, and sons shall eulogize your horses; then, Hardress, look to it. You will be then as loud and talkative before the whole world as now in presence of your humble friend. You will smile and smile a hundred times over at your young philosophy.”

“Oh, ‘never shall sun that morrow see,’” cried Hardress, throwing himself back in his



chair, and raising his hands in seeming deprecation—"I perceive what you are hitting at, Kyrle," he continued, reddening a little. "You allude to my—my—timidity—bashfulness—what you will, my social cowardice. But I disclaim the petty, paltry failing. The feeling that unnerves me in society is as widely different from that base consciousness of inferiority or servile veneration of wealth, rank or power, as the anger of Achilles from the spite of Thersites. You may laugh, and call me self-conceited, but, upon my simple honour, I speak in pure sincerity. My feeling is this, my dear Kyrle. New as I was to the world after leaving college, (where you know I studied pretty hard) the customs of society appeared to wear a strangeness in my sight that made me a perfect and a competent judge of their value. Their hollowness disgusted, and their insipidity provoked me. I could not join with any ease in the solemn folly of bows and becks and wreathed

smiles that can be put on or off at pleasure. The motive of the simplest forms of society stared me in the face when I saw them acted before me, and if I attempted to play a part among the hypocrites myself, I supposed that every eye around me was equally clear-sighted—saw through the hollow assumption, and despised it as sincerely in me, as I had done in others. The consciousness of guilt was evident in my manner, and I received the mortification which ensued as the just punishment of my meanness and hypocrisy.”

“ You *do* express yourself in sufficiently forcible terms when you go about it,” said Daly, smiling. “ What great hypocrisy or meanness can there be in remarking that it is a fine day, or asking after the family of an acquaintance, even though he should know that the first was merely intended to draw on a conversation, and the second to show him a mark of regard ? ”

“ Which I did not feel.”

“ Granted. Let him perceive that never so clearly, there is still an attention implied in your putting the question at all with which he cannot be disobliged. It is flattering to acknowledge the necessity of such a deference. And, my dear Hardress, if you were never to admit of ceremony as the deputy of natural and real feeling, what would become of the whole social system? How soon the mighty vessel would become a wreck! how silent would be the rich man’s banquet! how solitary the great man’s chambers! how few would bow before the throne! how lonely and how desolate would be the temples of ‘religion!’”

“ You are the more bitter satirist of the two,” said Hardress.

“ No, no,” exclaimed Kyrle. “ I merely reminded you of an acknowledged fact, that when you enroll your name on the social list, you pledge yourself to endure as well as to enjoy. As

long as ever you live, Hardress, take my word for it, you never will make, nor look upon a perfect world. It is such philosophy as yours that goes to the making of misanthropes. The next time you go into society, resolve to accept any mortifications you shall endure as a punishment for your sins, and so think no more of them. This indifference will become habitual and while it does so, those necessary hypocrisies of which you speak, will grow familiar and inoffensive."

"I see no occasion," said Hardress, "to make the trial. Plain human nature is enough for me. If I were to choose a companion for life, I should rather hope to cull the sweet fruit of conjugal happiness in the wild orchard of nature than from the bairn-beds and hot-walls of society."

"I advise you, however," said Kyrle, "not to make the choice until you have greater opportunities of observing both sides of the question.

Trust not to the permanence of your present feelings, nor to the practical correctness of your curious theories. It would be too late, after you had linked yourself to—to—simplicity, I shall call it, to discover that elegance was a good thing, after all.”

Hardress did not appear to relish this speech, and the conversation, in consequence, was discontinued for some minutes. Young Cregan was indeed as incapable of calculating on his future character as Kyrle Daly asserted. He was in that period of life, (the most critical perhaps of all,) when the energies of the mind, as well as of the frame, begin to develope themselves, and exhibit in irregular out-breaks, the approaching vigour and fire of manhood. A host of new ideas, at this time, crowd in upon the reason, distinguished rather by their originality and genius, than by that correctness and good order which is derivable from instruction or experience alone ; and it depends upon the circum-

stances in which the young thinker is placed, whether his future character shall be that of a madman or a sage. It was, perhaps, a knowledge of this inventive pride in youth that made the Stagirite assert that men should not look into philosophical works before the age of five-and-twenty.

Hardress, however, although very sensitive, was not one of those who can brood a long time over an evil feeling. "Well, Daly," he exclaimed, starting from a reverie, "we will each of us pursue our inclinations on this subject. Leave me to the indulgence of my theories, and I will wish you joy of your Anne Chute."

"*My Anne Chute!*" echoed Daly, sipping his punch with a sad face. "I have no *lien* upon that lady, as the counsellors say. She may sue as a *feme sole* for me in any court in Christendom."

Hardress turned on him a look of extreme

surprise, in answer to which Kyrle Daly furnished him with an account of his unsuccessful suit to Anne, as also with his suspicions as to another attachment. The deep feeling of disappointment under which he laboured, became apparent, as he proceeded in his discourse, in the warmth and eagerness of his manner, the frequent compression of his lips, and clenching of his trembling hands, the dampness of his forehead, and the sparkling of his moistened eye-balls. The sight of his friend, in suffering, turned the stream of Hardress Cregan's sympathies into another channel, and he employed all his eloquence and ingenuity in combatting the dangerous dejection which was hourly gaining upon his spirit. He declared his disbelief in the idea of another attachment, and recommended perseverance by every argument in his power.

“ But the state of her mind,” he continued, “ shall not remain long a secret to you. They

have been both (Anne and her mother) invited to spend a part of the autumn with us at Dinis cottage. My mother is a great secret-hunter, and I need only tell her where the game lies, to make certain that it will be hunted down. Trust every thing to me ; — for your sake I will take some pains to become better known to this extraordinary girl ; and you may depend upon it, if she will suffer me to mount above Zero, you shall not suffer in my good report.”

When the conversation had reached this juncture, the silence which prevailed in the cottage showed that the night was already far advanced. The punch had descended so low, as to leave the bowl of the ladle more than half visible ; the candles seemed to meditate suicide, while the neglected snuff, gathering to a pall above the flame, threw a gloomy and flickering shadow on the ceiling ; the turfen-fire was little more than a heap of pale ashes, before which the



drowsy household cat, in her Sphynx-like attitude, sat winking, and purring her monotonous song of pleasure; the abated storm, (like a true Irish storm) seemed to mourn with repentant howlings over the desolating effects of its recent fury; the dog lay dreaming on the hearth, the adjoining farm-yard was silent, all but the fowl-house, where some garrulous dame Partlet, with female pertinacity, still maintained a kind of drowsy clucking on her roost; the natural hour of repose seemed to have produced its effect upon the battling elements themselves; the tempest had folded his black wings upon the ocean, and the waters broke upon the shore with a murmur of expiring passion. Within doors or without, there was no sight nor sound that did not convey a hint of bed-time to the watchers.

To make this hint the stronger, Mrs. Frawley showed the disk of her full-blown countenance at the door, as round as the autumnal moon,

and like that satellite, illuminated by a borrowed light, namely, the last inch of a dipped candle which burned in her hand. "Masther Kyrle, darling," she exclaimed in a tone of tender remonstrance, "won't you go to bed to-night, child? 'Tis near morning, dear knows."

"Is Lowry Looby in bed?"

"No, sir, he's waiting to know have you any commands to Cork, he's going to guide the car in the morning with the firkins."

Lowry here introduced his person before that of the dairy-woman, causing however rather a transit than an eclipse of that moon of womanhood.

"Or Misther Cregan?" he exclaimed, "may be he'd have some commands westwards? Because if he had, I could lave 'em at the forge at the cross, above, with directions to have 'em sent down to the house."

"I have no commands," said Hardress, "except to say that I will be at home on next Friday."

“ And I have none whatever,” said Kyrle Daly, rising and taking one of the candles. “ Hardress, mind you don’t give me the counterfeit, the slip, in the morning.”

This caution produced a hospitable battle which ended in Hardress Cregan’s maintaining his purpose of departing with the dawn of day. The friends then shook hands and separated for the night.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HOW LOWRY BECOMES PHILOSOPHICAL.

As Lowry Looby returned to the kitchen he was met by Nelly the housemaid, who reminded him that he would be obliged to start before the potatoes could be boiled in the morning, and recommended, as a preparatory measure, that he should take his breakfast overnight. Secure of his indulging her in so reasonable a request, she had already, under Mrs. Frawley's favour, laid on a little table before the kitchen fire, the remains of the roast ducks.

(so often commemorated in this narrative,) a plate of “re-heaters,” (such was Nelly’s term for potatoes suffered to cool and warmed again in the red turf ashes,) as also a piece of pork, four inches in depth and containing no lean that was visible on a cursory inspection. This last was a dish for which Nelly knew Lowry Looby to entertain a fondness worthy of his ancient Irish descent. Indeed on all occasions Nelly was observed to take an interest in consulting the inclinations of this long-legged person; a kindness upon her part which the ungrateful Lowry seemed little inclined to appreciate.

The present proposal however harmonized so sweetly with his own feelings, at the moment, that he signified a speedy compliance, and followed the nymph into her culinary retreat. The kitchen presented a scene no less drowsy than the parlour. Mrs. Frawley was saying her prayers by the fire-side, with a string of beads that hung down to the ground, now and then vent-

ing a deep sigh, then “running her godly race,” through a fit of yawning, and anon casting a glance over her shoulder at the proceedings of the two domestics, while every new distraction was followed by a succession of more audible groans, and more vehement assaults with the closed hand upon her bosom. Danny Mann was sleeping heavily on the other side of the fire, with his red woollen comforter drying on his knee. In order to avoid disturbing either the slumbers of the one, or the devotions of the other, Nelly and her swain were obliged to carry on their conversation in a low whispering voice which gave additional effect to the sleepy tone of the entire scene. The shadows of the whole party, like the fame of genius magnified by distance, were thrown in gigantic similitude upon the surrounding walls. There Mrs. Frawley dilated to the dimensions of an ogre’s wife, and here Danny Mann’s hunch became to the original as Ossa to Knock Patrick.

Looby's expanded mouth showed like the opening to Avernus, and the tight little Nelly herself, as she sat opposite, assumed the stature of Mr. Salt's black breccia Memnon, which any reader, who is curious about Nelly's personal outline, may behold in the ninth room of the British Museum.

While Lowry consoled himself with the greasy pork, swallowing it with as lively a relish as if it were the green fat of a Gallipagos turtle, he gave Nelly a history of the day's adventures, not forgetting his own triumph at the *staggeen* race, and the disappearance of Eily O'Connor. Nelly was the better pleased with his account of these transactions, as he thought fit to abstain, in the first instance, from all mention of Syl Carney ; and, in speaking of the rope-maker's daughter, to omit those customary eulogies which he dealt forth whenever her name was brought in question. Emboldened by this circumstance, Nelly did not hesitate to throw out some plain

insinuations as to the probable cause of the mystery, which did not much redound to the honour of the charming fugitive, and she became still more impassioned in her invective, after Mrs. Frawley had relieved them from the restraint of her presence, and retired to her sleeping room.

“Often an’ often I told you, Lowry, that it was’nt for you to be looken’ afther a girl o’ that kind, that thought herself as good as a lady. Great business, indeed, a poor man o’ your kind would have of one like her, that would be too grand to put a leg in a *skeogh*\* to wash the potaties, or lay a hand on the pot-hooks to sthrain ’em if they wor broke to tatthers.”

“That I may never die in sin if ever I had a thought of her, Nelly, only just divarten’ at Batt Coonerty’s.”

\* Basket.



“What a show the house would be with ye !” continued Nelly still following up the matrimonial picture, “an’ you a hard-worken’ boy, obleest to be up early and late at other people’s bidden’. I’ll be bound that is’nt the girl that would be up with the lark an’ have a fire made, an’ a griddle o’ bread down in the morning before you, an’ you going a long road ; or have the hearth sweep, an’ your supper ready, an’ every thing nate about the place for you, when you’d be coming back at night. But I believe there’s a *chimæra*\* before the boys’ eyes that they don’t know what’s good for ’em.”

“Look !” exclaimed Lowry, while he broke a potatoe between his fingers, swallowed one half at a mouthful, and tossed the crisped peel upon the table. “That I may be happy, if she was offered to me this minute if I’d take her. Sure

\* An optical illusion.

I know I'd have no more business of such a girl upon my floore than I would of Miss Chute herself. But there's no raison for all why I wouldn't be sorry for ould Mihil's trouble. He's gone westwards, Foxy Dunat the hair-cutter tells me, to Castle-island, to his brother, Father Ned, I suppose to get him to publish her from the altar or something. They think 'tis westwards she went."

Happening at this moment to cast his eyes upon Danny Mann, Lowry perceived, with a sensation of disagreeable surprise, that he was awake, and peering curiously upon him from below the half-raised lids. The red fire-light which gleamed on the eye-balls gave them a peculiar and equivocal lustre, which added force to their native sharpness of expression. Danny felt the ill effect he had produced, and carried it off with a fit of yawning and stretching, asking Lowry at the same time, with a drowsy air, if he meant to go to bed at all!

"To be sure I do," said Lowry, "when its

pleasing to the company to part. There's a time for all things, as they say in the Reading-made-asy."

"Surely, surely," returned Danny with a yawn, "Dear knows, den, the Readen-made-asy time is come now, for 'tis a'most mornen'."

"I always, mostly, smoke a drass before I go to bed of a night," said Lowry, turning towards the fire, and clearing the bowl of his pipe by knocking it gently against the bar of the grate, "I like to be smoaken' an' talken' when the company is agreeable, and I see no rason for bein' in a hurry to-night above all others. Come, Nelly," he added, while he chopped up a little tobacco, and pressed it into the bowl with the tip of his little finger, "Come here, an' sit near me, I want to be talken' to you."

Saying this, he took a half-burnt sod from the fire, crushed the bowl into the burning portion, and after offering it in vain to Danny,

placed it in the corner of his mouth. He then remained for some moments, with his eyes half closed, drawing in the fire with his breath, and coaxing it with his finger, until the vapour flowed freely through the narrow tube, and was emitted at intervals, at the opposite corner of his mouth, in a dense and spiry stream.

“An’ what do you want to be saying?” said Nell, taking her seat between Lowry and the Lord, “I’ll engage you have nothing to say to me afther all.”

“Come a little nearer,” said Lowry, without changing his position.

“Well, there why,” returned Nelly, moving her chair a little closer, “will that do?”

“No, it won’t. ’Tis a whisper I have for you. Misther Mann would hear me if I told it to you where you are.”

“Oh, a whisper! Well, now I’m close enough any way,” she said, placing her chair in contact with that of Lowry.

The latter took the pipe from his mouth, and advanced his face so close to that of the expectant house-maid, that she feared he was about to snatch a kiss. Perhaps it was in mere curiosity, to satisfy herself whether in fact he could possess so much audacity, that Nelly did not avoid that danger by moving her head aside ; but greatly to her surprise, and doubtless, likewise to her satisfaction, the honest man proved that he had no such insolent intention. When he had attained a convenient proximity, he merely parted his lips a little, and puffed a whole volume of smoke into her eyes. Nelly uttered a gentle scream and covered her face with her hands, while Danny and Lowry exchanged a broad grin of satisfaction.

“ Well, Lowry,” exclaimed the girl with much good humour, “ you’re the greatest rogue going, and that’s your name this night.”

Lowry appeared to muse for a few moments while he continued the enjoyment of his

pipe. In a little time he once more took it from his lips, puffed forth the last whiff, and said, "Misther Mann, they may say this and that of the world; an' of poverty and riches, an' humility an' gentility, and every thing else they like, but here's my word, ever. If I was a king upon a throne this minute, an' I wanted to have a smoke for myself by the fire-side, why if I was to do my best, what could I smoke but one pen'orth o' tobacco in the night afther all? An' can't I have that, as it is, just as asy? If I was to have a bed with down feathers upon it, what could I do more than sleep there? An' sure I can do that in the settle-bed above? If I was able to buy the whole market out an' out, what could I ate of it more than I did to-night of that pork upon the table? Do you see now, Misther Mann? Do you see Nelly? Unless he could smoke two pipes of a night instead of one, or sleep more, or ate more without hurt, I don't say what's the ad-

vantage a king has over a poor man like myself."

"A' sure, you know that's foolish talk, Lowry. Sure the King could buy and sell you at the fair if he liked."

"He could'nt without the Jury," returned Lowry, "the Judge and Jury ever. He could'nt lay a wet finger on me, without the Jury, be coorse of law. The round o' the world is as free to me as it is to him, if the world be round in airnest, as they say it is."

"Round, ayeh?" said Nell.

"Iss, to be sure."

Danny Mann looked at him for a moment. "Is it the world we're walkin' on?" he asked in some surprize.

"To be sure, what else?"

"A' don't be talking," returned Danny, turning his head away in perfect scorn of the hypothesis.

"Faix, I tell you no lie," said Lowry, "'tis

printed in all the books in Europe. They say that if it was'nt round, we'd soon be done for. We could'nt keep our hoults upon it at all, only to go flyin' through the elements, the Lord save us ! ”

“ Oh, vo ! vo ! ” said Nelly, “ well, that bates Ireland.”

“ Sure there's more says that it is'nt the sun above do be moven at all, only we goin' round it.”

“ That the sun does'nt stir ? ”

“ Not a peg.”

“ Well, now you may hould your tongue, after dat,” said Danny, “ after wantin' to take de eye-sight from us. Sure the whole world sees the sun goin', any way.”

“ I would'nt b'lieve that,” said Nelly, “ if they were to put their eyes upon sticks.”

“ I would'nt be so,” returned Lowry, “ what business would a poor boy o' my kind have goin' again men that are able to write books, let



alone readen 'em. But 'tis the foolishness of the women," he continued, fixing upon Nelly as the least pugnacious opponent, "women are always for foolishness. They'll b'lieve or not b'lieve, just as they like themselves. Equal to Dan Dawley's second wife,—Did you ever hear o' that business, Misther Mann?"

"Not as I know."

"Well, stir up the fire, Nelly, an' put down a couple o' sods, an' I'll tell it while I am finishing my pipe, and then we'll all be off to bed. Dan Dawley was married the second time to a very nice girl, one Jug Minaham, (he's the steward at Castle-Chute, behind.) Well, he was out of a day at work, an' his wife was setten' alone by the fire, a few weeks afther they being married. Now there was one o' the stones in the chimney, (as it might be that stone there,) an' it stood out loose from the morthar a dale beyond the rest. Well, she sat looking at it for a while, and the thought come in her

head, 'If I had a child now,' says she, 'an' he was standing a-near that stone, may be 'twould fall out and brain him on me.' An' with the thought o' that, she began roaring and bawling equal to any thing ever you hear."

"Oh, then, she was a foolish girl," said Nelly.

"Dear knows that was her name," said Danny.

"Well, her old Mother heerd her bawling, an' she came in the greatest hurry. 'A' what a ls you, Jug?' says she. So Jug up and told her her thought about the stone, an' began bawling worse than ever. An' if she did, the mother joined her, and such a pillilu as they raised between 'em was never known. That was well an' good. Well, Dan was abroad in the potatie-garden, an' he heard the work goin' on in his house, crying equal to a funeral. 'What's this about?' says Dan, 'there's somebody murdered, surely.' So he made for the

doore, an' in he walked, an' there he found the pair o' ladies. 'A' what ails you, mother?' said he, 'Jug will tell you, agra,' says the mother. So he looked at Jug. 'Thinken' I was,' says she, still crying, 'that if the child was born, an' if that stone there fell upon him, 'twould brain him on me.' Well, Dan stood for a while looken' at her, 'If the sky fell,' says he 'we'd catch larks. An' is that all that happened you?' 'Is'nt it enough?' says she again. Well, he stopped a long while thinking in his mind, and then he reached out a hand to her. 'Well,' says he, 'that's the foolishhest thing I ever knew in my life, an' I'll tell you what it is, I never 'll take a day with you from this hour, until I'll find a woman,' says he, 'that's foolisher than yourself.' No sooner said than done, out he walked, laving 'em after him to do as they plased. Well, there was a long day before him, an' he walked a dale before night-fall, an' he didn't know where he'd turn to for his bed and dinner.

‘But sure I’m asy about it,’ says he, ‘sure while there’s fools of women in the place, I’ll engage I need’nt starve.’ Well, he called a gorçoon that was going the road. ‘Whose farm-house,’ says he, ‘is that I see over there?’ ‘Its belongin’ to a widow woman, sir,’ said the boy. ‘What sort of a man was her husband?’ says Dan. ‘A small, dark man, an’ wearing top boots,’ says the boy. Well became Dan, he made for the house, an’ axed for the lone woman. She was standen on the lawn looking at her cows milk-  
ing, when Dan made towards her. ‘Well, where do you come from?’ says the widow-woman, ‘From heaven, ma’am,’ says Dan, making a bow. ‘From heaven?’ says she, looking at him with her eyes open. ‘Yes, ma’am,’ says he, ‘for a little start. An’ I seen your husband there too, ma’am.’ ‘My husband, inagh,’\* says she, looking at him very knowing,

\* Is it ?

‘can you tell me what sort of a man he was?’  
‘A small dark man,’ says Dan, ‘an’ wearing top boots.’ ‘I`give it in to you,’ says she, ‘that’s the man. Come this way, an’ tell me what did he say to you, or did he give any message to me?’ Well, Dan put no bounds to his tongue, just to thry her. ‘He bid me tell you,’ says he ‘that he’s very badly off for want o’ victuals; an’ he’d like to have the young grey horse to be ridin’ for himself, an’ he’d do as much if you could send ’em to him.’ ‘Why then I’ll do that,’ says the widow, ‘for he was a good husband to me when he lived. What time will you be going back?’ ‘To-morrow or afther,’ says Dan, ‘afther I see my people.’ ‘Well, stay here to-night,’ says she, ‘an’ I’ll give you something to take to him in the morning.’ Well became her, she brought him in, and trated him like a prince that night, with music an’ dancing; an’ in the morning she had the grey horse at the doore with a bag o’ flour, and a crock o’ butter, an’ a round

o' corned beef. Well, Dan mounted the horse, an' away with him home to his wife. 'Well, Jug,' says he, 'I'll take with you all my days, for as bad as you are, there's more that's twice worse; an' I believe if I went farther 'tis worse an' worse I'd be getting to the world's end.' So he up an' told 'em the whole business, an' they had a merry supper that night, and for weeks afther, on what Dan brought home with him."

"He was a rogue, for all," said Nelly, "to keep the poor woman's horse upon her."

"She deserved it," says Danny, "an' worse. I never hear o' such a fool. Well, Lowry, will you go to bed now at last?" •

The question was answered in the affirmative; and Danny was at the same time pressed to take a share of the sweets of the table, which he resolutely refused. Soon after, the careful Nelly, having made Lowry turn his head another way, ascended by a ladder to her pallet, on a loft over

the parlour ; while Lowry and the little lord rolled into the settle-bed together, the one to dream of breakers, raw onions, whiskey, and “ Mистер Har-dhress ;” the other, of Foxy Dunat’s mare, and the black eyes of Syl Carney.

## CHAPTER XV.

HOW HARDRESS SPENT HIS TIME WHILE  
KYRLE DALY WAS ASLEEP.

ALL were now asleep, except the two strangers, and the silence, which reigned throughout the little cottage, showed Hardress that no ear was capable of detecting his movements. He opened his room door softly, slipped his shoes from his feet, and leaving the light burning on his table, trusted to the famous sixth sense of the German physiologists, for a chance of finding his way among the chairs and tables in the dark. He reached the door without a



stumble ; and perceived by the light, which streamed through the keyhole and under the door of his fair friend's apartment, that she still expected him.

Their meeting, though silent, was impassioned and affectionate. Hardress enquired, with the tender and sedulous attention of a newly married man, whether she felt any injurious effects from the storm—whether she had changed her dress, and taken some refreshment—whether, in fine, her situation was in any way inconvenient to her !

“ In no way at all, Mr. Hardress, as to any of these things you mention,” she replied in a low voice, for she was fearful of waking Mrs. Frawley in the next room. “ But as to the mind !—May heaven never give you the affliction of spending two such hours as I have done since I entered this room ! ”

“ My life, why will you speak so ? What other course remained for our adoption ? You

know your father's temper, he would as soon have died as sanctioned a private marriage, such as ours must be for some time longer. It would be absolute ruin to me if my mother knew of my having contracted such an engagement without consulting her wishes—and my father, as I have before told you, will act exactly as she desires. And why, now, my love, will you indulge those uneasy humours? Are you not my bride, my wife, the chosen of my heart, and the future partner of my fortunes? Do you really think that I would forget my little angel's feelings, so far as to omit any thing in my power that might set her mind at rest? If you do, I must tell you that I love you more than you imagine."

"Oh, Mr. Hardress! oh, don't say that at all, sir," said the young woman with frankness and ready warmth of manner. "Only I was just thinking, an' I sitting by the fire, what a heart-break it would be to my father, if any body

put it into his head that the case was worse than it is," [here she hung down her head] "and no more would be wanting but just a little word on a scrap o' paper, to let him know that he need'nt be uneasy, and that he'd know all in time."

This suggestion appeared to jar against the young gentleman's inclinations. "If you wish," said he, with a little earnestness of voice, "I will return with you to Garryowen to-morrow, and have our marriage made public from the altar of John's Gate chapel. I have no object in seeking to avoid my own ruin, greater than that of preventing you from sharing it. But if you will insist upon running the hazard—hazard? I mean, if you are determined on certainly destroying our prospects of happiness, your will shall be dearer to me than fortune or friends either. If you have a father to feel for, you will not forget, my love, that I have a mother whom I love as tenderly, and whose

certain desperation of courage which he was apt to discover on occasions of very inadequate provocation. His mother, too, doated on him for a mother's own, best reason; that he was her child. Indulgent she was, even to a ruinous extent; and proud she was, when her sagacious acquaintances, after hearing her relate some wonderful piece of wit in little Hardress, would compress their lips, shake their heads with much emphasis, and prophecy that "that boy would *shine* one day or another." His generosity too (a quality in which Mrs. Cregan was herself pre-eminent) excited his mother's admiration, and proved indeed that Hardress was not an ordinary child.

And yet he was not without the peculiar selfishness of genius, that selfishness which consists not in the love of getting, or the love of keeping, in cupidity or avarice; but in a luxurious indulgence of all one's natural inclinations, even to an effeminate degree. His very

generosity was a species of self-seeking, of that vulgar quality which looks to nothing more than the gratification of a suddenly awakened impulse of compassion, or, perhaps, has a still meaner object for its stimulus, the gratitude of the assisted, and the fame of an open hand. If this failing were in Hardress, as in Charles Surface, the result of habitual thoughtlessness and dissipation, it might challenge a gentler condemnation, and awaken pity rather than dislike ; but young Cregan was by no means incapable of appreciating the high merit of a due self-government even in the exercise of estimable dispositions. He admired, in Kyrle Daly, that noble and yet unaffected firmness of principle which led him, on many occasions, to impose a harsh restraint upon his own feelings, when their indulgence was not in accordance with his notions of justice. But Hardress Cregan, with an imagination which partook much more largely of the national luxuriance, and with a mind

which displayed, at intervals, bursts of energy which far surpassed the reach of his steady friend, was yet the less estimable character of the two. They were, nevertheless, well calculated for a lasting friendship; for Kyrle Daly liked and valued the surpassing talent of Hardress, and Hardress was pleased with the even temper and easy resolution of his school-fellow.

Seldom, indeed, it was, that esteem formed any portion in the leading motive of Hardress Cregan's attachments. He liked for liking's sake, and as long only as his humour lasted. It required but a spark to set him all on fire, but the flame was often as prone to smoulder, and become extinct, as it was hasty to kindle. The reader is already aware that he had formed during his boyhood, a passion for Anne Chute, who was then a mere girl, and on a visit at Dinis Cottage. His mother, who, from his very infancy had arranged this match within her own mind, was delighted to observe the early attachment

of the children, and encouraged it by every means in her power. They studied, played, and walked together, and all his recollections of the magnificent scenery of those romantic mountain lakes were blended with the form, the voice, the look and manner of his childish love. The long separation, however, which ensued when he was sent to school, and from thence to college, produced a total alteration in his sentiments; and the mortification which his pride experienced on finding himself, as he imagined, utterly forgotten by her, completely banished even the wish to renew their old familiar life. Still, however, the feeling with which he regarded her was rather one of resentment than indifference, and it was not without a secret creeping of the heart, that he witnessed what he thought the successful progress of Kyrle Daly's attachment.

It was under these circumstances, that he formed his present hasty union with Eily O'Connor. His love for her was deep, sincere,

and tender. Her entire and unbounded confidence, her extreme beauty, her simplicity and timid deference to his wishes, made a soothing compensation to his heart for the coldness of the haughty, though superior, beauty, whose inconstancy had raised his indignation.

“Yes,” said Hardress to himself as he gathered the blankets about his shoulders, and disposed himself for sleep. “Her form and dispositions are perfect. Would that education had been to her as kind as nature! Yet she does not want grace nor talent;—but that brogue! Well, well! the materials of refinement are within and around her, and it must be my task, and my delight, to make the brilliant shine out that is yet dark in the ore. I fear Kyrle Daly is, after all, correct in saying that I am not indifferent to those external allurements.” [Here his eyelids drooped] “The beauties of our mountain residence will make a mighty alteration in her mind, and my society



will—will—gradually — beautiful— Anne Chute  
—Poll Naughten—independent—”

The ideas faded on his imagination, a cloud  
settled on his brain, a delicious languor crept  
through all his limbs, he fell into a profound  
repose.

END OF VOL.









